Egyptian KEY

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No. 2 JULY - AUGUST, 1943 25 cents

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EGYPTIAN KEY

JULY - AUGUST, 1943

Volume 1 Number 2

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The Open Door

Real Booster

Carrier Mills, Ill.

Your magazine is a publication after my own heart. I am a hill billy by birth, by choice, and by nature. I have visited most all the places mentioned in your first issue while on the Ozark tours conducted by Mr. L. O. Trigg, Eldorado, Ill. I was born in Pope County. I am enclosing check for a subscription for myself and for three former Egyptians. Start all subscriptions with the first issue.

Fred H. Wasson

A Fine Suggestion

Nashville, Tenn.

I have shown the EGYPTIAN KEY to a number of men here at Vanderbilt and it has always brought forth the warmest words of praise. One commented that it was the best assortment of pictures he had ever seen. Another remarked that he had never been to Southern Illinois but that it was now next on his list of trips.

For a number of years I have felt that Southern Illinois needed something to make its people conscious of the fact that they were living in the middle of one of nature's beauty spots and in addition a region rich in folk lore and points of interest. I wasn't quite sure just what we needed to accomplish this feat, but I am now convinced the EGYPTIAN KEY is the instrument by which it can be accomplished.

The section "Spotlight on Egypt" should be of very great value to motorists as soon as the present restrictions are lifted. For my part I intend to keep a file of the magazine so that I can visit these spots as soon as the war is over.

Of course, being interested in history, especially biography, I liked the feature "Idols of Egypt" probably best of all. This is a feature that can be carried in every issue of the magazine, even if it runs a hundred years, for we have no end of idols in Egypt, and are continually producing new ones.

I think there should be some way provided to place a copy of EGYPTIAN KEY in the recreation hall of every army camp in America. Wherever there are boys from Southern Illinois it would be like a trip home and every issue would give them a "bird's eye view" of what they are fighting and dying for.

Best wishes for EGYPTIAN KEY's continued success. J. Ward Barnes.

Egyptian Virus

Montrose, Mich.

I was pleased to receive a copy of the first issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY.

My home was never in Egypt or even Illinois but my father was born and grew to manhood in Williamson County south of Carterville at old Fredonia which was located on the farm of Jefferson Russell, his father.

I have visited that section on different occasions and have heard my father recount so many incidents regarding the development of the country, its history and its people, that your magazine, so well written and so ably edited was read

I. W. RODGERS THEATRES

Anna - Cairo - Carbondale

Illinois

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completely, including all advertisements, on the evening that I received it.

Best regards to all connected with the EGYPTIAN KEY.

Moody S. Russell.

A Question from a Soldier

Camp Wolters, Texas.

I received a publication of the EGYPTIAN KEY on Decoration Day. In it is an article titled "Under Three Flags," by Barbara Burr Hubbs. In the story she said Memorial Day was started in the spring of 1866 by John A. Logan at Carbondale, Illinois. I was pleased to know this and so proud I told my platoon about it.

Later some of the boys read a Sunday paper and in the article "Believe It or Not, Ripley" he had the beginning of Memorial Day in his article. Ripley says Cassandra Oliver Moncure created this day May 30, 1866.

Could you tell me who is right or should I have written to Ripley? I am enclosing the article.

A reader of the EGYPTIAN KEY,
Sgt. Nelson E. Winemiller.
Originally of Benton, Ill.

—The answer to your letter is found on page thirty-seven of this issue. We asked Mrs. Hubbs to tell the complete story of the first observance of Memorial Day at Carbondale. Mr. Ripley evidently had not heard of Carbondale. Just that much more reason for the existence of the EGYPTIAN KEY.—Ed.

"The Old Guide"

Eldorado, Ill.

I was much pleased with the interesting contents of the first issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY.

I have long wished for someone to take up the task of publicizing Southern Illinois—the pioneer part of this great state. I appreciate the space and recognition accorded my Illinois Ozarks. Here's wishing you the merited success which your new magazine so richly deserves.

With all good wishes

L. O. Trigg.

Interesting Correspondence

Springfield, Ill.

I am attaching copy of a letter I wrote to W. C. Fields relative to the front cover of the first issue of your magazine; I am also attaching copy of Mr. Fields' reply.

I thought this might be of interest to you.

I. A. Palmer.
Ass't. Director Dept. Pub. Wks. & Bldgs.

Dear Mr. Fields:

I am attaching a copy of a magazine which is published in Southern Illinois and which, I believe might be of interest to you inasmuch as the picture on the cover, to me at least, bears a marked resemblance to yourself as depicted in some of your excellent pictures.

On Page 28 of the magazine, you will find a brief mention of the rock which is called Old Stone Face. However, the local people know it best as Old Putty Nose.

I. A. Palmer.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I am in receipt of your letter of June 18th with an additional copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY.

Nature has flattered me many times by carving out likenesses of my physiognomy emphasizing my proboscis. I saw one in Vermont, I think, called "Old Man of the Mountains" and others in various countries of the world. It is very edifying and gratifying to know that you printed this picture on the front page of your excellent magazine, EGYPTIAN KEY.

If ever I get down to Springfield again —a city of which I am very fond, having had the honor of playing there several times—I shall climb up on the old gentleman and give him a smacker right on the cheek. Who knows (nose) that he may not be a lineal descendant of mine.

I thank you very much for sending me the magazine which was most interesting and beautifully illustrated and gotten up. Again my best wishes and thanks for your thoughtfulness.

W. C. Fields.

—Mr. Fields is a good actor but seems a little weak on geography. The "Great Stone Face" by Hawthorne, to which we think Mr. Fields refers is in the White Mountains, New Hampshire. Mr. Fields will find it quite a walk from Springfield, Illinois, to our Old Stone Face. We are glad Mr. Fields has had his attention called to the glories of our Egypt.—Ed.

Motion Carried

Carbondale, Ill.

Your publication is the kind we need to build up Southern Illinois, and show other people what a great region it really is.

Roscoe Pulliam,
President Southern Illinois
Normal University.

Thanks

Mount Vernon, Ill.

I just had an opportunity of seeing your first edition of the EGYPTIAN KEY and want to congratulate you, not only on the appearance and excellent make-up of your magazine, but also as to content, purposes, objectives and editorial policy stated.

I am sure the magazine will be well received and wish you very fine success.

Thomas N. Jordan,
Managing Secretary
Mount Vernon Chamber
of Commerce.

That's the Spirit

Springfield, Ill.

I have been looking over your first issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY and want to congratulate you upon it. The photographs are very fine, as is the arrangement. While I have been in most of the spots so clearly shown in the KEY, seeing them so well depicted makes me more proud than ever that I come from Egypt.

With best wishes to you and your publication

Frank G. Thompson
Director Department of
Registration and Education

The Key Is - - -

Washington, D. C.

I have just received No. 1, Vol. 1 and have read only the Salutation. That's sufficient. I hand in herewith my slight contribution with every good wish for its

success. There's plenty of room. Occupy it. It's good territory and people.

Kent E. Keller.

Non-partisan

Washington, D. C.

Enclosed is my check for one dollar for six issues of your new magazine EGYPTIAN KEY.

I want to wish you success and best wishes in your endeavor, and if I can be of assistance at any time, please feel free to call upon me.

Congratulations to the EGYPTIAN KEY, may it open the door to knowledge and enjoyment in Egypt.

C. W. Bishop, M. C.

Here's More

Anna, Ill.

Enclosed find one dollar for one year's subscription to your magazine, which is most interesting, especially to those who have spent their whole lives in Egypt. We congratulate you on the fine appearance of the first issue, the clear photographs, fine quality of paper, open-faced type, and the descriptive and historical articles that make one want more—hence this subscription.

Chas. H. Wiley.

Put 'Em in a Binder

Chicago, Ill.

Please enter my subscription for EGYPTIAN KEY. I have just seen the first issue and shall appreciate it if you will start the subscription with that issue so that I may have *all* copies. As a former resident of Carmi, where I was born and raised, I am much interested. I trust that splendid success may accompany your venture.

Joe H. Pearce.

Double Play

Beatrice, Neb.

Enclosed find check for one dollar for which send me EGYPTIAN KEY for the coming year. We have enjoyed your first copy very much and have passed it on to friends in California, former residents of Illinois.

Mrs. D. F. Churchwell.

A Brother Act - - -

Milwaukee, Wis.

Perusal of my brother's copy of your initial issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY called up pleasant recollections of an automobile trip we took through the "land of Egypt" about this time last spring.

We drove down from Milwaukee to St. Louis and crossed back into Illinois from Cape Girardeau. Part of an afternoon we spent in Cairo, a fine old town, where we saw the famous historic Halliday Hotel and the home of Maud Rittenhouse Mayne (her book, edited by Richard Lee Strout and published by Macmillan a few years back, gave what I think must be a pretty accurate picture of doings in Egypt half a century ago), and then crossed over into Kentucky and had to spend the night at Paducah.

On our return we went through Brookport, watched the ferry in operation at Metropolis (which, strangely enough to you, perhaps, rather fascinated us, since we have no such means of transport in or around Milwaukee) and came home via Vienna and Anna, and up Highway 51 through Carbondale, Centralia, Springfield, Peoria, Rockford, Chicago, etc.

Being a printer myself, I noted appreciatively in your magazine things like the selection of type faces, attractive page make-up, the clear half-tones displayed on the picture pages, the grouping of ads, the two-color cover, etc.

But of more importance to you, probably, however, than my desultory comments is the sum enclosed herewith for a year's subscription (beginning with Issue No. 1) of the KEY toward the furtherance of your interesting and worthwhile project.

Marvin W. Miksch.

Plays Milwaukee

Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed please find a dollar, as my subscription to your splendid magazine EGYPTIAN KEY.

In checking over my papers and receipts, I found that I had not sent in my subscription to your magazine as I had intended to do weeks ago. However, I think you will understand the reason as I have been closing my affairs, preparatory to entering the armed forces.

When your next copy of the KEY arrives here, I will be wearing a different kind of a uniform than the one which I have been accustomed to here in Milwaukee (letter carriers') and will be in the summer issue of the best army in the world.

I want my wife to preserve all my issues of your magazine, as I am sure, someday, I will again be able to continue in the perusal of Mississippi and Ohio River folklore, and literature. She intends to continue our home, here, so I am sure this mailing address will be the best one.

I'll be in Illinois next week, but not near your city. (Camp Grant is my destination on June 15th). But, this cannot last forever, so maybe some day I'll be able to visit your city again.

Eugene C. Miksch.

An Inspiration

Hollywood, Calif.

The first copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY has been read with a great deal of interest and enjoyment. It is a splendid magazine and this opening issue with its beautiful photographic reproductions of scenes in Southern Illinois is guaranteed to evoke nostalgic longings in the breast of every former Egyptian. The magazine is a step in the right direction. It can give the entire region a unity, a coherence, which will lead to national recognition of a very distinctive part of our country. Egypt needs the publicity which the EGYPTIAN KEY can give to it.

Publishing, as I do, many stories laid against the historical background of Southern Illinois, I find to my amazement, that the average American's idea of this region is that it is a flat prairie country, swampy in parts, which is overflowed periodically by the Mississippi and Ohio rivers! They have never heard of the Egyptian Ozarks or the lovely wooded and orchard country-side which it contains.

My congratulations and best wishes to Egypt's own magazine. I'm enclosing my subscription. I don't wish to miss a single copy.

Mabel Thompson Rauch.
(Mrs. J. Lee Rauch)

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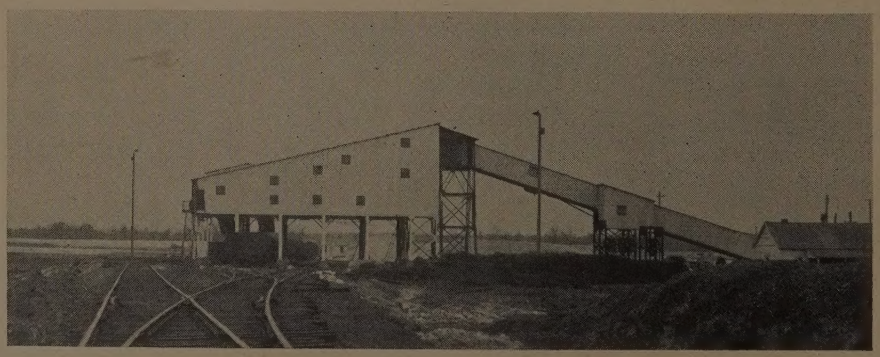


Buckhorn Mine

Egyptian KEY
OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Chart the Course!

By WILL GRIFFITH

WISE business men plan months and years in advance. Corporations are always working on ideas for future development. That which is good for business men and corporations is likewise good for a region. A region such as Egypt.

The war we are fighting cannot last forever. It may last a year or two or it may terminate unexpectedly. But—it will end. Then what? The world will be like old Mother Hubbard. The cupboard will be bare. We, will have used up our reserve stocks, our surplus food supplies, and to some extent expended our labor store.

It will be up to the United States to feed the world for a period. It will be up to the United States to rehabilitate herself. No other nation will do it for us. Our ways of life are bound to be changed as a result of this war. For one thing our metropolitan centers will be decentralized to some extent. Industry has discovered its error. The congestion, the immobility, the friction of mass congregation of workers has been brought home forcefully during our present emergency. There will be need for greater agricultural production. The law of supply and demand will again rule. Agriculture will be able to get proper compensation for its products.

Change will be the order of the day for the United States. It will affect our country, our State, our Egypt. What are we as Egyptians going to do? Are we going to sit back and be unprepared when the war ends? Unprepared with plans, with money, with ideas. Are we going to allow our boys to come back from the service and find a stagnant condition, to find no opportunity to rebuild their lives at home, to carve their careers? We owe them a plan, an opportunity. As we look to the future we will consider not only our boys but we will include ourselves. All of us will benefit if we are ready. If we have the best gun made it is useless if we have no ammunition. If we have the best automobile manufactured we cannot drive it if we have no gasoline. We have a land of opportunity but it will profit us nothing unless we supply ourselves with the wherewithal to exploit it.

Take the soil. What are we going to raise in the post war period? We should get more orchards under way. Fruit is necessary to life. More and more the beneficial results of fruit are being realized. We should cultivate more small fruit and berries. We should experiment. Undoubtedly there are additional fruits we can raise successfully in our area. Can Egypt raise and market blueberries, cranberries, or boysenberries?

We have heard it said that there is no market for more fruit in Egypt. No market, that is, at a profit. Then create a market! We would be proud to see on the grocers' shelves throughout the Mississippi valley Egyptian brand peaches, pears, applesauce, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, boysenberries, blueberries, asparagus, beans, tomatoes, sweet corn, and other native products. While a canning company would not employ a large number of workers throughout the year, it would give employment throughout the summer to many of our people. The greatest value, however, would be in its advertising. We venture the assertion that as many people have been sold on California by the Del Monte advertisements as in any other way. Visualize page advertisements in the national magazines telling the glories of Egypt's fruit area!

With the sharp trend toward a plastic age and with the development of synthetic rubber, the post war period will see great strides in these directions. Egypt is admirably suited to cash in on some of the new methods and products. We can raise the grains; we have the fuels, both coal and oil, in abundance; we have the highways, the railroads, and the waterways. We are geographically centered in the heart of America. Our climate is not so hot as to be enervating but is mild enough to permit year round work both indoor and outdoor without delays occasioned by extreme temperatures. We have other great potential wealth under our feet—kaolin, lead, zinc, fluorspar, fuller's earth, silica, and no telling what else. We have the wood for many purposes. We have sufficient water supply. Egypt has a reservoir of labor and enough room for new workers.

How shall Egypt go about getting her share of the post war shift in population, industry, and wealth? What is needed? Egypt needs first, advertising; second, courage; and third, brotherly love. Advertising to tell the rest of the United States what we have and what we can do. Courage to spend a little to get back more. Brotherly love to permit us to be pleased when good fortune comes to a neighboring community, knowing that soon or late some of that increase in business will reach our own town.

How shall Egypt advertise herself? Who does not know of Florida, California, Wisconsin, and Michigan. How have these states advertised themselves? One way they have accomplished it has been by bringing visitors to their sections. Pleasure-bent visitors with leisure time to see and to be impressed with the possibilities of the areas. Visitors with sufficient wealth to be able to carry out an inspiration. Egypt needs visitors. Egypt is a natural recreational section. Let us develop it. It will advertise Egypt. After the war let us insist the State of Illinois rehabilitate Giant City State Park, bringing up to par its roads and picnic facilities. Provide reasonable but good accommodations at the lodge and cabins. Purchase enough land to give the park a beach.

Ferne Clyffe should be in the state park system. One of the most beautiful areas in Egypt, were access to

it made easy, visitors would flock to explore its natural beauty, to enjoy its recreational advantages. Bell Smith Springs Area should be developed—either by the National Forest Service or the State of Illinois. Here again cabins and tourist accommodations are needed. Better access over marked roads is a first requisite.

Lack of accommodations in the actual scenic areas is a deterrent to visitors from any distance. Some one could make a profitable venture with one or two modest resort inns. Our region must be made attractive to visitors from the outside. Bring them here as guests and sell them on Egypt. Let the leaven work. The bread will rise.

To develop a community is not an easy task, nor a rapid one. The old saw "Rome was not built in a day" is particularly applicable. We must have staying qualities. We must be willing to spend and spend without the expectation of being able to cut a special melon in our own business three days and eleven hours after we have contributed ten dollars to the cause of Egypt.

If Harrisburg gets a hosiery mill, Cairo another soybean plant, Chester another shoe factory, Mount Vernon is picked by a tractor company, or if a new plant goes to any city in Egypt, we, residents of the other towns in Southern Illinois, should not go into a pout. Why should we refuse to enter into the spirit of progress? What is good for one part of the section will in time benefit all the area. We must grow in the spirit of brotherly love. We must abandon the sin of petty jealousy. We must embrace the idea of the Three Musketeers: "One for all and all for one."

Large manufacturing plants are good but a number of smaller ones is even better. Diversification is the order of the day. Contrast Detroit, Michigan, with the many manufacturing towns of Massachusetts. Detroit is either in the heavens or in the depths. Frequently in the throes of labor trouble, or factory shutdowns due to seasonal slumps in the motor industry, her economic ills are many. How often do you read of these things about Haverhill, Massachusetts? Dozens of the towns of the Bay State go in for diversification. With a list of sundry native resources, with a variety of scenic attractions, Egypt is a "natural" for diversified industry.

We have no specific suggestions to offer. We suggest no new civic organizations. We offer no criticisms. We feel our province as the Key of Egypt is to be one of those gadgets so necessary in many manufacturing operations—an agitator. We want to agitate the idea that now is the time to start planning for post war Egypt. Now is the time to begin thinking about our own area. Now—today—we must commence to draft a program for the time when our boys come home. We are much more interested in the economic welfare of our own Egypt than we are in that of Egypt, Africa.

The columns of the EGYPTIAN KEY are always open for suggestions for the betterment of Egypt. We claim no supernatural powers, we offer no panaceas, we have no exclusive on ideas. If you have a thought for post war Egypt we will be glad to give it space. Discussion breeds ideas. From ideas plans are formed. After the plans—action.

Egypt needs both—now.

View from High Knob, about two miles north of the village of Karbers Ridge.

Wings Over Southern

By RICHARD L. BEYER
Department of History, S. I. N. U.

The campus of Southern has taken on a military air. The part Egypt's university is playing in the war effort.

THE visitor at the Southern Illinois Normal University in Carbondale these days is impressed with the martial note prevailing on the campus. This was provided when the Sixty-ninth College Training Detachment (Air Crew) made the college its headquarters for a phase of the training of army aviators. The first of the cadet candidates arrived in Carbondale March 1, and another group came March 23. Presumably, this training program will continue at S.I.N.U. for the duration of the war.

The cadet candidates have caught the fancy of all visitors at the college. They are an inspiring sight as they march along Grand Avenue, singing "The Army Air Corps," or as they drill on the campus. Many civilian spectators are attracted daily by retreat which is held between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. The lowering of the flag and the attendant maneuvers make a pulse-stirring ceremony.

"Why are these cadet candidates at Southern?" is a question frequently asked by those who see them on the campus. Perhaps the answer is best given in the words of Captain Robert L. McClam, commanding officer of the detachment, who says "The main purpose of this program is to attempt to decrease individual differences in the educational background of these men. This program is designed to prepare the student to understand the basic principles of mechanics and political geography, combined with military and physical training. All this is essential if a person is expected to operate and navigate modern high powered aircraft in combat. I feel that these men are very fortunate in getting a chance to take this course, because they are able to continue their education and also to get the required military training at the same time."

Cadet candidates are given careful training at Southern Illinois Normal University, and the regular members of the faculty are used in the teaching of the so-called "army classes." Academic subjects offered include mathematics, physics, geography, world history, and English. Elective subjects are also available. Army classes are separate from civilian classes. The same rooms and equipment used by the under-graduates are at the disposal of the army trainees. The soldiers are given intensive work in physical education. They have military drill, and before their sojourn in Southern Illinois ends they will have had ten hours flight training at the Marion airport.

The training detachment is at the college for serious business, and the cadet candidates put in a full day of study and work. The first reveille call is heard at six o'clock. Breakfast is served at 6:30 and 7:00. At eight o'clock the young men are in their classes and they do four hours of academic work before lunch is served at noon. From one to three o'clock the trainees are in the classroom again. The period from three to five o'clock is devoted to physical education and to military

Cadet Candidates at drill at Southern.

A Study at Southern.
Photos by S. I. N. U.

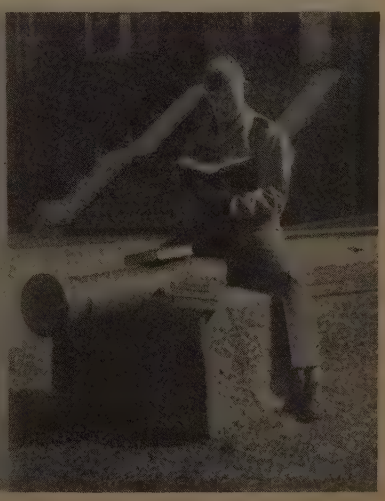


Photo by S. I. N. U.

Retreat ceremony in front of Old Main.

drill. This is followed by the retreat ceremony in front of the main building of the college. Supper is next, and then the trainees are given an hour release from quarters. The time from eight to ten-thirty o'clock is devoted to supervised study and individual study. Taps is sounded at 10:30 p.m.

Southern's cadet candidates do have some respite from their arduous work. They are free from six p.m. until midnight on Saturday, and likewise from seven in the morning until retreat at five-thirty on Sunday. And, of course, there are always those precious ten minutes between classes on school days. These have proved to be limited, but highly desirable occasions to become acquainted with the co-eds of Southern.

The recreational program offered the trainees includes athletics of all types. A strong baseball team was formed and it acquitted itself well against Illinois Wesleyan University when the nine from that institution visited Southern in late April. The Airmen won 7-4. Occasionally the cadet candidates have outings. One of these held in May was a barbecue at Crab Orchard Lake. Guests were invited to attend. Undoubtedly the major social event thus far was the Military Ball at the Armory in Carbondale which the cadets gave in honor of the military personnel in the surrounding area. The program at the ball included an exhibition of silent drill by a chosen group of the trainees, the presentation of Miss Grahame Crichton of Herrin as honorary majoress chosen from the women students of the college, and the massing of the colors at midnight. Joe Sanders (the old lefthander) and his band provided the music at the ball. The purpose of the event was to help raise funds for the cadet candidates' recreation fund.

Sports fans in Southern Illinois who have seen the well built, physically fit cadet candidates on the campus have sighed "What a football team could be formed with those men!" Many inquiries have been made as to whether the trainees will be competing on varsity teams of S.I.N.U. this fall. There is no doubt that if they play, a whale of a team will represent Southern. At the present time, at least, army regulations do not permit the trainees to participate. As this is being written, some representatives and senators are urging the army to allow its college training detachments to appear in intercollegiate athletics, but no verdict has been rendered. At the May meeting of the Illinois Intercollegiate Athletic Conference, of which S.I.N.U. is a member, it was ruled that army and navy trainees would be eligible to compete on varsity teams, providing the men were carrying the required academic load (which they are) and providing they were not graduates of other colleges. So, if the army should alter its policy, the airmen would be eligible under the I.I.A.C. rules by which the college abides.

The training detachment at S.I.N.U. is made up of men from many states, but roughly, two sections of the country are represented. The first group of cadet candidates was composed largely of New York Staters, with a goodly number coming from Brooklyn. More recent arrivals are from the Mid West States—Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri. Prior to their military service, the cadet candidates followed many different types of occupations. Captain McClam states "We have aircraft mechanics, bookkeepers, draftsmen, engineers, furriers, librarians, post-office clerks, riveters, reamers, professional football and baseball players, musicians, students, and tool-makers. We also have a newspaper editor, a song plugger, a Scout master, two firemen, and two of New York's best policemen. Our most unusual man is a magician who is one of those who can really pull a live rabbit out of a hat. He obeys all of my orders, except one—and that is to tell me how he gets the rabbit out of the hat."

The commanding officer of the Sixty-ninth College Training Detachment, Robert L. McClam, was promoted to the rank of captain in April of this year. He is a native of South Carolina and is a graduate of Clemson College. While at Clemson he took the four-year R. O. T. C. course and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the infantry reserve. Three weeks after his graduation he was called into active service and ordered to duty with the Fourth Motorized Division then stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia. Captain McClam served with that division until July, 1942, when he was transferred to the air corps. Since being with the air corps he has seen service at various stations. Just before coming to Carbondale, Captain McClam was with the army air force detachment at the University of North Dakota. He says he was glad to escape the severe cold weather of the Dakotas and come to Southern Illinois. "When I left North Dakota the snow was two feet deep, and the temperature was nineteen degrees below zero, and that was no place for a Southerner."

Captain McClam and the other officers with the detachment appear well pleased with the facilities of Southern Illinois Normal University for the training program. As the Captain remarked "Everything seems to fit right in our program. The college has provided fine instructors whose personal interest in the study problems has helped the men over many a stumbling block. As a whole, I think the men are very happy and contented here."

The co-ordinator who represents the college in the training program is Dr. R. A. Scott of the Department of Chemistry. He is one of the busiest men in Southern Illinois, and has done a magnificent job handling the hundreds of matters that are associated with the complex business of providing facilities for the airmen. Among the problems was the conversion of the dormitory, Anthony Hall, into quarters suitable for the soldiers. In Dr. Scott's own words the army program is now "in gear," and functioning smoothly. Both Dr. Scott and Captain McClam have expressed their appreciation at the way in which the people of Carbondale have received the cadet candidates. The churches, homes, and civic organizations have all cooperated in making the stay of the soldiers as pleasant as possible.

Periodically, a group of cadet candidates leaves the campus and is replaced by an equal number of newcomers. "Where do they go?" is often asked. Just where they go comes under the category of a military secret, but it is permissible to reveal that the soldiers leave the S.I.N.U. campus for a classification center, and from there they go into their pre-flight training, a course that lasts from four to nine weeks. And so, while the training at Southern Illinois Normal University represents only one part of the long preparation given to Uncle Sam's airmen, it is a highly important part—and a distinct contribution towards the winnng of the war.

Photo by S. I. N.

Captain Robert L. McClam and Dr. R. A. Scott

Egyptian Etchings

Spring

By JULE LE NARD

GREAT clusters of dainty columbine in crevices of moss-covered cliffs above Cave in Rock . . . violets, anemones, spring beauties, buttercups, wild larkspur lending a variegated hue to grassy carpets along winding lanes in Giant City State Park and on the road up Williams Hill . . . white flowering dogwood and beautiful redbud massed against varied shades of early green in leafy woodlands . . . silhouette of sturdy green pine.

Willows and drooping cypress bordering meandering streams . . . on the upper branches of the cottonwoods clusters of clinging mistletoe . . . sweet scent of blooming magnolias . . . the mating song of wren, purple martin, thrush, meadow lark, wild canary from dawn to eventide . . . flecks of gay color as bluebird, cardinal, oriole, scarlet tanager flit from tree to tree . . . busy robins, starlings, blue jays building nests.

Cattle and sheep grazing in meadows and on hillsides . . . litters of suckling pigs in every farm yard . . . colts and mares, ewes and lambs nibbling fresh green grass . . . one pure white mare and her gangling black mule colt.

Like floating dolphins, reminiscent of Marquette's "big fish," logs and debris drifting down the swollen waters of the Ohio and Mississippi . . . boys and old men fishing from levees . . . auto laden, quaint, rear paddle wheeled ferries churning the waters . . . age old facilities succoring the new . . . rippling brooks washing wide stone beds.

Undulating rhythmic rows of pink and white in blooming orchards . . . raspberry vines twined around their poles . . . panoramic sweep of mountain and river from the Pine Hills Sykline Drive westward to the Mississippi; from atop Cave in Rock southward across the Ohio . . . soft haze hanging over the valleys . . . lights and shadows on the hills . . . changing colors over the rolling landscape of the valleys below Williams Hill and Cliff View Park . . . gleam of river in the distance . . . winding mountain paths and ribbon highways . . . stillness broken only by the song of a bird or the croak of a frog.

Nature at her best—so permeated with the spirit of peace and tranquility she inspires the feeling of oneness with God so rarely experienced . . . such is the beauty of Egypt in spring.

Idols of Egypt

II. Robert G. Ingersoll

By BARBARA BURR HUBBS

The formative years in the life of a man who figured prominently in the national scene.

IN THE spring of 1852 a preacher and his youngest son, affectionately called Robin, drove their horse and buggy over the winding roads of Southern Illinois. The father, an evangelist by nature, was seeking new fields of labor. The eighteen year old boy had a keen eye for the new sights and an enormous pride in their "good fit out." He thought he might "go to teaching somewhere."

Five years later, "a firstrate lawyer" by his own account and "a very fine speaker" by his brother's, left Southern Illinois for the more profitable law courts of Peoria. He would prove the first claim by winning 99% of his cases as one of the foremost lawyers of the nation. His lectures, his political speeches, his oratorical powers would be unsurpassed for his generation. The brief residence in Southern Illinois was enough to endear Robert Green Ingersoll to a people who never forgot his genial comradeship and shining intellect, no matter what evil rumors clustered about his national reputation as the "Great Agnostic."

In the year of our Republic's centennial all the world echoed with the matchless phrases: "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country." That nominating speech at the Republican convention of 1876 is held to have no parallel in political oratory. Egyptians remembered that same voice, with its notes of a silver bell, in the days when Bob Ingersoll quoted his favorite poets as he fished in the Ohio or lay under the trees fringing the dusty square at Marion or Mount Vernon.

At Metropolis on the banks of the Ohio we catch our first glimpse of the Ingersolls in Southern Illinois. The younger wrote his sister and eldest brother back in Ohio, "Father does not know but he will settle here, the people are all carried away with him as a preacher." The Rev. John Ingersoll had come to Illinois in 1851 as pastor of the Congregational Church in Greenville, Bond County. But no pastorate held him long. With this youngest son he set out on a leisurely drive down the state, preaching and visiting the scattered Presbyterian and Congregational families in a section overwhelmingly populated with Baptists and Methodists. The boy, whose life had been one move after another since his birth at Dresden, New York, in 1833, wrote a trifle wearily, "Father intends to see the whole world before many years."

From Metropolis father and son drove across Kentucky into Tennessee. The "good fit out" in which both took such pride was a horse for which the father paid $85 and a buggy worth $65. By the middle of June they were back in Greenville, where Robert entered the academy conducted in the basement of his father's church by one Socrates Smith.

The Rev. John Ingersoll debated his choice of a new field. Marion, Metropolis, Mount Vernon called. Mount Vernon called most romantically. When Robert Ingersoll was only two, his mother had died. That loss was felt all the more keenly in a family whose affections were particularly deep. So a successor was welcomed, and even accorded the name of "Mother." At Mount Vernon on August 3, 1852 John Ingersoll and Frances L. Willard were married.

Miss Willard was the teacher of the female seminary opened by Harvey T. Pace so his daughter could be educated at home. Pace, Mount Vernon's storekeeper, bought a wooded lot, built a neat schoolhouse, hired a teacher, and financed the school. Mrs. Ingersoll continued to teach there after her marriage, although her husband accepted the call of the Marion congregation.

The Marion Presbyterian Church was only seven years old, but it had both church and adjoining manse on West Main Street. The Rev. Mr. Ingersoll took his widowed daughter Mary Jane to Marion to make their home. They found the manse not ready for them, and boarded in the home of Elder and Mrs. James Aikman. The Aikman house stands in Scottsboro, the north part of Marion, and is generally referred to nowadays as the "Ingersoll place."

At this house Robert joined the family later. Mary Jane Ingersoll Frisby opened a school on the first floor of the church building and charged $2 a quarter year for teaching the young girls of Marion. Among them was her own daughter, lovingly known to her uncles as "Little Sis." Robert helped his sister with her pupils.

Old timers at Marion recalled Bob Ingersoll at this age as a rather lazy, gawky boy, often barefoot. He was tall, rather too heavy, perhaps suffering from too rapid growth. But the virility, the magnificent physique, that marked him on Time's stage were already promised. One of the diversions, at Marion as at other county seats, was a regular Saturday evening bout at fisticuffs. Town boys chose their champion, country boys theirs. Bob Ingersoll was a frequent participant, generally the winner.

Later, the resolve to "go to teaching" materialized. Father and son were off again, the former to attend Presbytery at Alton, the latter to apply for a teacher's certificate from the Jefferson County School Commissioner, Mount Vernon. This official, Dr. John C. Gray, was more immediately concerned with the current epidemic of ague. He had used a full three ounces of

quinine that week. But he arranged for an oral examination and the certificate was awarded.

The Mount Vernon Academy, a separate institution from the seminary where Frances Willard Ingersoll taught, stood in a grove at the southeast part of town. The township high school stands immediately west of the former grounds of the academy, now occupied by residences. The building erected by subscription for the academy contained two large schoolrooms, one above

Courtesy Eva Ingersoll Wakefield, New York City

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Eleventh Illinois Cavalry, saw active service from the end of 1861 until his capture by General Nathan Bedford Forrest, whose friendship he enjoyed to the end of life. This is the earliest picture of Ingersoll known and approximates the face Egyptians knew.

and one below. By the time young Ingersoll attained the principalship, the academy's financial affairs were tangled and he taught on his own responsibility.

At the beginning of the new year (1853) the nineteen year old teacher reported on his progress: "I have toward thirty scholars at 2.50 per quarter & each quarter consists of twelve weeks and I teach five days in each week. I am not making money very fast but can manage to get enough to eat." He weighed 153 pounds.

His books were the chief pleasure of his first winter away from home, in a place he first considered "a very pretty town . . . finely located" and later castigated as "a very miserable part of the world it is nothing but *mud mud*. . . . There is nothing around me that used to be." He was a homesick boy.

Now he knew by heart three fourths of all Robert Burns ever wrote, and preferred the verse of *Cotter's Saturday Night* describing the evening prayers. He read "in old Billy Shakespear most every night." He quoted Goldsmith's description of his own minister father from *The Deserted Village*, and he considered *Queen Mab* one of the finest compositions in the world. It was Poe's *The Raven* "that takes my eye." And he confided seven verses of his own to an elder brother at a safe distance, with the regretful postscript that there was no room for more. These verses described a dream visit from his own mother, dead seventeen years.

While Robert and Frances Ingersoll taught their schools at Mount Vernon, Mrs. Frisby prospered with her teaching at Marion. The family there occupied the manse, with the schoolroom next door. The minister kept a good horse and cow, his buggy was often on the road as he went to meetings in nearby towns. The occasions when he was asked to preach at Mount Vernon were happy family reunions. Sometimes he stopped over at Benton to present a sermon. Often he went to the newly established town of Carbondale, growing up along the new Illinois Central Railroad. Carbondale had no church buildings, but one of the town's promoters, Daniel H. Brush, lent his store house when a meeting was arranged for a Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Ingersoll preached where the Hub Cafe is now.

With all this going and coming, bouts with the Devil following wet, cold rides, the preacher began to bend with the weight of his sixty years. In the spring of 1853 his serious illness caused both his wife and youngest son to close their schools and attend his sickbed in Marion. Mrs. Ingersoll could not abandon her teaching without losing her entire term's salary ($70), but his father's need caused Robert to give up his school entirely. There was lamentation that he should lose the prospect of fifty pupils, in a town where he was increasingly popular and beloved. But he went to Marion to stay, with some thought of helping his sister with her pupils, now numbering twenty and paying $3 a quarter.

At Marion in the spring an empty place in the family circle was filled with the coming of the brother two years older than Robert, Ebenezer Clark Ingersoll. These two, Clark and Robin they called each other, maintained a devotion that is written into the dedication of one volume of the *Ingersoll Lectures*: "To my brother, from whose lips I heard the first applause and with whose name I wish my own associated until both are forgotten." The funeral oration made years later by the younger over his brother's body is considered the purest gem of the Ingersoll genius.

Since the Ingersolls had felt Marion was their home, they talked of buying a place of their own, perhaps of having a stock farm. On July 7 Clark bought two forty-acre plots of land, one now a part of the city of Marion about one mile west of the courthouse. The other forty acres lay some six miles northwest of the county seat. The two forties cost Clark $1000, and within the week he deeded both to his brother Robert for $600. Their "most beautiful place" was a great satisfaction to the old preacher, although he worried how the payments were to be met.

When Mrs. Ingersoll completed her contract at Mount

Vernon and joined the family at Marion, Robert was free to return to teaching. The Ingersolls remembered the friends they had made in Metropolis. Letters were exchanged, and Dr. Angus McLain McBane, brother of the town's founder, suggested a plan for opening the Metropolis Academy, with Robert G. Ingersoll as principal, instructor, and janitor.

The schoolhouse stood in the outskirts of the village in that day, away from the main thoroughfare along the Ohio River. Now the same site is the northwest corner of Fourth and Ferry Streets, and the building is occupied by a shoe repairman. Although some exterior changes have been made, the building is the same as that in which Ingersoll taught, and is known as the Old Cedar House because of its construction from red cedar logs.

We may be sure school held a new attraction that year, and the young teacher's own love of learning proved contagious to his scholars. He walked about the town, fished and swam in the river, talked and read his favorite poets. But the year was not so successful for Metropolis merchants and farmers, and one morning classes were interrupted by a number of shamefaced fathers. Their errand was bluntly told, that there was no money to pay their modest subscriptions for their children's tuition. The teacher made a quick and generous solution to the problem, by calling for the bills and receipting each one, "paid in full." He bowed out his patrons, with a request that they see their children were more prompt in reaching school thereafter.

But that delegation was all too soon followed by another with a less pleasant conclusion. The head of Metropolis Academy followed schoolteachers' custom in boarding 'round at the homes of his scholars. He was a welcome guest at every dinner table, and established his reputation for a good story and a quick answer. One day his host presented him to several guests, and he learned that a Baptist revival was in prospect and the brethren were gathering from nearby towns. Acquaintance and conversation ripened, and the talk naturally turned to subjects theological. Different views of baptism were discussed by the ministers and elders, the teacher (not yet twenty) keeping silent. Finally his opinion was desired, and after a moment's courteous hesitancy, he made answer: "My opinion of baptism, gentlemen? I would say baptism is a good thing, with soap."

It seems a harmless enough little joke today, just a wisecrack to be expected from the younger generation. But in 1853 such flippancy struck the assembly dumb. Ingersoll departed cheerfully for his evening's reading. There were plenty of words the next morning when classes were interrupted again, in a very different atmosphere from the last delegation's. Teacher and pupils were dismissed without ceremony, and the schoolhouse locked by irate theologians. Robert Ingersoll is said to have walked home to Marion.

He stayed there only long enough to make arrangements for another school, this time in Tennessee. From Waverly, directly west of Nashville, he wrote in December: "I am doing very well in my school & I think be able to clear 150 dollars or so." But the south with its dread institution against which his father preached so vehemently was not sympathetic to the budding humanitarian. He wrote with distress of the slave sales he witnessed, of the partings forced on mothers and children.

At the Marion home there was other distress that spring. Frances Ingersoll had spent a year suffering from dropsy which the good Doctor Gray had treated unavailingly, though he made many trips from Mount Vernon. Mrs. Ingersoll went to her brother's home in Alton, further treatment was unsuccessful, and she died. Again the family circle was broken. The home in which

Left—Chair, now the property of George Goodall, Marion, one of several pieces left by the Reverend John Ingersoll in payment of his board bill at Marion. Fred G. Campbell, Chicago, has another chair of the set. (Egyptian Key Photo). Right—This house, standing in the north part of Marion, was the one that first sheltered the Ingersoll family in that town. Mr. and Mrs. James Aikman built and lived in it, and boarded the Ingersolls. (Photo courtesy Mrs. R. A. Parks, Marion).

they had taken such pride was sold, though scarcely at the "good opportunity" the father expected.

When school was out in Tennessee, Clark and Robert Ingersoll made new plans for their future. Their social instincts had always attracted them to the center of Marion's life, where they listened to the talk of lawyers and litigants around the Williamson County courthouse. In those days the building was a two-story brick one, forty feet square. Most of the legal lights of Egypt followed the judge on circuit and the Ingersoll brothers had opportunity to hear the best. There seemed no reason why they could not do as well. Why not study law and join the ranks of the local celebrities? Immediately they put into effect the ambition with which they were fired. From their vantage point at the hitching rail they surveyed the field, the lawyers' offices ranged around the square. None but the greatest and most famous would be their teacher.

Willis Allen was United States congressman at that time—the climax of a long career of office holding. His district comprised most of Southern Illinois. Who could be a better preceptor? Besides the congressman had a lawyer son who had been boon companion to the Ingersolls during most of their time at Marion. True, Josh Allen was four years older than Bob Ingersoll, and in time rivalry added spice to the companionship. Tradition has it that young Ingersoll was often heard to mutter, "I'll outdo Josh Allen yet." He did.

The Allens were urbane Tennesseans, father and son known in turn as the very Chesterfield of the Southern Illinois Bar. Willis Allen (1806-1859) and William Joshua Allen (1829-1901) were unwavering Democrats all their lives. They must have influenced the young Ingersolls' political ideas, though in truth there was no other party or theory in Southern Illinois during the fifties. Robert Ingersoll dated his Republicanism from April 1861, and he raised a cavalry regiment at Peoria to defend the country he placed above party.

Arrangements for a legal education were made easily in 1854. Their ambition announced, the Ingersoll brothers were soon at work, copying briefs and making themselves generally useful in exchange for liberty with the Allen law books. From time to time the preceptor would ask a few questions, assign some special case for closer study. Robert Ingersoll had leisure enough to enroll also in the private institute for higher learning kept by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac McCoy when attendance warranted. McCoy was a Baptist preacher and a graduate of Hanover College, Indiana. But these educational facilities were soon exhausted, and the young lawyers were ready for work.

After only one month's study, the Ingersoll brothers were admitted to the bar "ex gratia." Early in November Clark reported they had received $10 in spot cash for professional services rendered in one day, that he had attended circuit court in an adjoining county where a few cases netted him $25, and had the promise of cases at the next term of that court from which he anticipated fees of $200.

On December 20, 1854, Clark and Robert Ingersoll went up to Mount Vernon. This time there was an air of celebration to the trip. They were to be launched formally in their profession.

In those days, the Illinois Supreme Court met regularly at Mount Vernon, according to the practice by which it also had sessions at Ottawa and Springfield. The beautiful building now occupied by the Appellate Court was built to house these sessions and the traveling justices.

There the embryo lawyers produced the required certificates of good moral character, submitted to some good-natured and probably superficial questioning on their legal knowledge, and the oath was administered. The names of Ebenezer C. Ingersoll and Robert G. Ingersoll were formally entered upon the roll of attorneys admitted to the Bar of Illinois. Then the party adjourned to another bar, to celebrate the occasion.

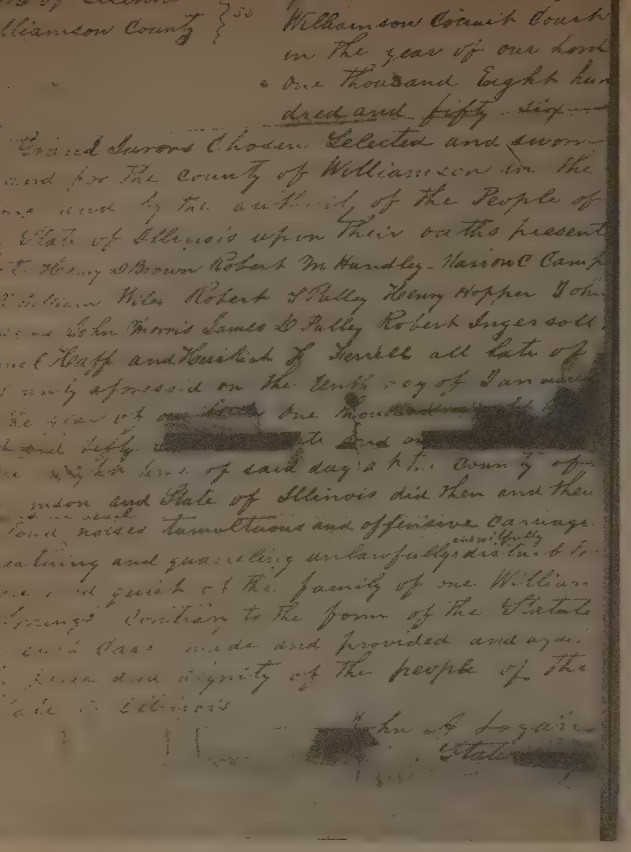
Things went well. At Marion they had a new home, three acres in the town with a very good house and barn. But they were rarely there, for they followed the circuit with judge and State's attorney for the district. The Rev. Mr. Ingersoll was also traveling a great deal, preaching in one place after another. The next year he moved to Belleville, where he lived "without charge."

Marion began to look rather small to the brother lawyers. In casting about for a new field they decided upon Shawneetown, the busiest place on the Ohio River. Steamboat traffic was at its height, the rivers were the mainline transportation system of the West. Of all the county seats they frequented, none presented better opportunities. Besides, a former neighbor at Marion offered Robert regular employment at Shawneetown. Captain John M. Cunningham of Marion was rewarded for his services in the Mexican War and as a Democratic wheelhorse by his appointment as register of the Federal Land Office in Shawneetown. He needed a clerk.

Robert Ingersoll also arranged to act as clerk and junior partner for one of the leaders of the Shawneetown Bar, Norman L. Freeman. This was the man who served so many years as reporter of the Illinois Supreme Court and prepared more than one hundred volumes of its cases.

So the brothers changed their home from Marion to the place the younger wrote of as "your ancient, and *anti-*, as well as *post-*deluvian city." Shawneetown was filled with stimulating society. Court week especially was one round of intellectual pleasures; judge and counsel vieing with each other in oratory and story telling, both during and after sessions. We can only surmise that the Ingersolls were guests at the marriage of Captain Cunningham's daughter in the fall of 1855. Mary Cunningham's wedding was in every sense a legal one, for Prosecuting Attorney John A. Logan was the bridegroom, Circuit Judge William K. Parrish performed the ceremony, and practically the entire bar attended the bridal couple on their honeymoon, for the court moved that week from Shawneetown to Benton where the Logans made their first home.

Another wedding celebration, this one at Marion, assuredly had Robert Ingersoll as one of the celebrants. We have his indictment to prove it. Prosecuting Attorney John A. Logan wrote out the papers for the Williamson County Circuit Court in the spring of 1856. The complaining witnesses were the bridegroom, George W. Binkley; the bride's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Pitt Springs; their lawyer, George W. Goddard, and several other citizens of Marion, chiefly boarders at the Springs home. The grand jury solemnly charged ten young men about town, including Robert Ingersoll, with "loud and unusual noises, tumultuous and offensive carriage, threatening and quarreling unlawfully . . ." The old French custom of charivari, serenading a bridal



Photostat courtesy Jo Walker, Herrin

The original of this Williamson County court record is missing, but the tale and its associations are well remembered. The paper was written by John A. Logan.

couple with music performed upon wash boards, tin pots, and cow bells, was not received in this instance with the good nature that usually brought the bridegroom out to "treat" until silence was granted. Bail was set at $100 for each disturber of the peace, but there was never a prosecution.

Such solemn horseplay was a means of relieving the tedium of court. Out of it grew a degree of familiarity that extended through the years, regardless of the positions to which these country lawyers attained. From the same spirit as the charivari indictment sprang the retort made by the world famous orator Robert Green Ingersoll when he was told he had been accused of using one of Senator John A. Logan's speeches: "Stealing Jack Logan's brains? That would be only petty larceny at best."

The Shawneetown land office was closed May 2, 1856. Register Cunningham was out of his job, but his clerk was busy helping Clark Ingersoll get elected to the legislature. The campaign of 1856 was hotly contested. The Republican party made its first addresses to the people of Illinois and elected its ticket of state officials. But the new party made little progress in Gallatin and Saline counties, where a Democrat was elected as their one representative in the General Assembly, just as a matter of course. E. C. Ingersoll took his seat when the session began January 5, 1857 and was active in the Democratic counsels throughout the forty-two day session. Later he was the Republican congressman from the Peoria district for several terms.

We may be sure Robert Ingersoll exerted every effort to further his brother's campaign and shelved all his own ambitions for the time. True, he did not have as much at stake in 1856 as he did twelve years later when he was a strong candidate for governor but ignored expediency to defend his own principles and his brother's congressional candidacy.

Another clerkship was ready for Robert Ingersoll at Shawneetown. John E. Hall was clerk of both county and circuit courts and offered the experienced Ingersoll a place in his busy office. Hall first hauled salt by ox team caravan between Equality and Vincennes. Then he married a daughter of the salt works lessee, who built the mansion known as the Old Slave House. This fifteen year old bride spent lonely hours in her log cabin with no companion other than a Negro slave girl of the same age. Hall entered politics, and in 1856 the family was living in the three-story brick house on the Shawneetown river front where General LaFayette was entertained in 1825.

Clerk Hall was drawn into one of those personal altercations that embittered political campaigns of the Nineteenth Century. The other party to this one was Colonel James C. Sloo, a prominent Shawneetown citizen who had managed the land office for twenty years. When the *Marion Intelligencer* of October 10, 1856, reached its Shawneetown subscribers, the town buzzed with gossip about a letter in the newspaper columns. The contribution was signed "Vindex" and gave Colonel Sloo a thorough castigation. Charge and counter-charge were argued wherever two citizens met.

On November 11 work was proceeding as usual in the county and circuit clerk's office. Clerk and deputy were busy at their desks when the latter glanced up and saw Robert C. Sloo, son of the Colonel, standing in the door and staring malevolently at Hall, whose desk faced the wall so his back met the visitor's gaze. Before Hall could rise or turn, young Sloo shot twice. Ingersoll could only catch the dying man as he fell, and carry word to the young widow, whose twin son and daughter were not one year old.

Young Sloo, who was twenty-four and a former student at West Point, did not attempt to leave town. Deputy Ingersoll reported that the assassin had every appearance of being drunk, and young Sloo's actions bore out that opinion. He ran through the town to a friend's home and attempted to hide in the chimney. There he was arrested, but trial was delayed until a special term of court convened in the early summer of 1857. It developed into a celebrated case, the first on that circuit in which a plea of emotional insanity resulted in an acquittal on a murder charge. Counsel on both sides included the most distinguished names of the Illinois Bar. Robert Ingersoll was a witness for the prosecution.

Leonard Swett of Bloomington, Thomas G. C. Davis of St. Louis, and John W. Crockett of Henderson, Kentucky, were imported to defend young Sloo. The local attorneys Norman L. Freeman and Andrew McCallen also served the defense. John A. Logan closed the case for the prosecution, assisting his successor Thomas H. Smith, the State's attorney on the circuit. Josh Allen came from Springfield where he had formed a partnership, and James S. Robinson, son of United States Senator John M. Robinson, came from Carmi to aid the prosecution.

The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, responding to the defense's description of young Sloo's physical and mental condition. The next day Judge William G. Bowman of the Gallatin County Court declared Sloo insane, and he became a patient of the state hospital at Jacksonville. A few months later he was sufficiently improved to be discharged into his father's custody. When trained military men were in such demand in the Civil War, Robert Sloo obtained a commission. He disappeared in battle.

Robert Ingersoll as attorney could take no part in this unusual case, but his own practice was covering the Ohio River side of Illinois thoroughly. We hear of his being at Elizabethtown. He was at Raleigh (first county seat of Saline County) often enough to require an office there. By his own account, he weighed 180 pounds and felt sound as a dollar. On all sides, men commented how well Bob Ingersoll's yarns took, and what a fine fellow he was. His name was mentioned as successor to his friend and employer John Hall.

But Robert Ingersoll's political ambition aimed higher than mere county office. A new court circuit was formed of the counties fringing the Ohio River, from Gallatin to Pulaski with Saline added. On March 9, 1857, Robert Ingersoll was candidate for State's attorney of this circuit. He was defeated by nearly a thousand votes, but his victorious opponent had had the advantage of having made the same campaign in the larger circuit just the year before. This political ambition to be a prosecutor was amply fulfilled ten years later when Governor Oglesby appointed Robert G. Ingersoll of Peoria to be attorney general. The constitution of 1848 failed to provide such an official, and Illinois had no attorney general until the legislature of 1867 made provision. Ingersoll was appointed, served until 1869, but was not a candidate for election. That ended his office holding.

Law and land were inevitably involved in the Ingersoll practice, and in the fall of 1857 he took a little flyer of his own. The year before he had bought three acres in Marion, land immediately west of the present Logan public school grounds, once the homestead of Captain Cunningham and the girlhood home of Mrs. John A. Logan. As a small speculation, Ingersoll had this land platted into fifteen town lots, still named Ingersoll's Addition to the Town of Marion. Several lots were sold, one of them to his former schoolmaster, Isaac McCoy; then the remainder to his brother Clark.

Another venture marked his days in Southern Illinois, what has been called his first public anti-theological address. It was at a Sunday school picnic, and on the Fourth of July. The speaker who was scheduled did not appear, and the committee chanced on Ingersoll as a substitute. It was announced he would speak on the patriots and heroes of the Revolution, but he confined himself to defending the memory of Thomas Paine. Against their prejudices, the crowd was moved to laughter and to tears, and the promise of Ingersoll the Orator showed for the first time.

Horizons broadened with his powers. Though he called himself lazy, careless, and fat, his legal ability was already notable. The tall and handsome lawyer who would win 99% of his cases was ready for a larger field. Peoria was the boom town of Illinois, river and railroads and canals combining to make it a natural center of commerce. There Robert Ingersoll met with success which led him on to still larger fields. There he married the woman who enabled him to find in his home the temple he did not find in church. There his beloved children were born, children he regarded with the same devotion the Rev. John Ingersoll had for his youngest son, his "Benjamin."

The firm of E. C. and R. G. Ingersoll packed their law books and papers. On a farewell survey of Shawneetown, Judge Bowman asked if his friend would not miss the old courthouse in the new environment. The answer was one last quip: ". . . only a square box with a horse hitched at each side, and a pimple on top!"

Robert Ingersoll never returned to Egypt, except for such occasions as the mass meeting in Belleville, the largest audience in the history of that city, during the Republican national campaign of 1876. By coincidence, the last letter he ever wrote was addressed to the editor of the Chester newspaper.

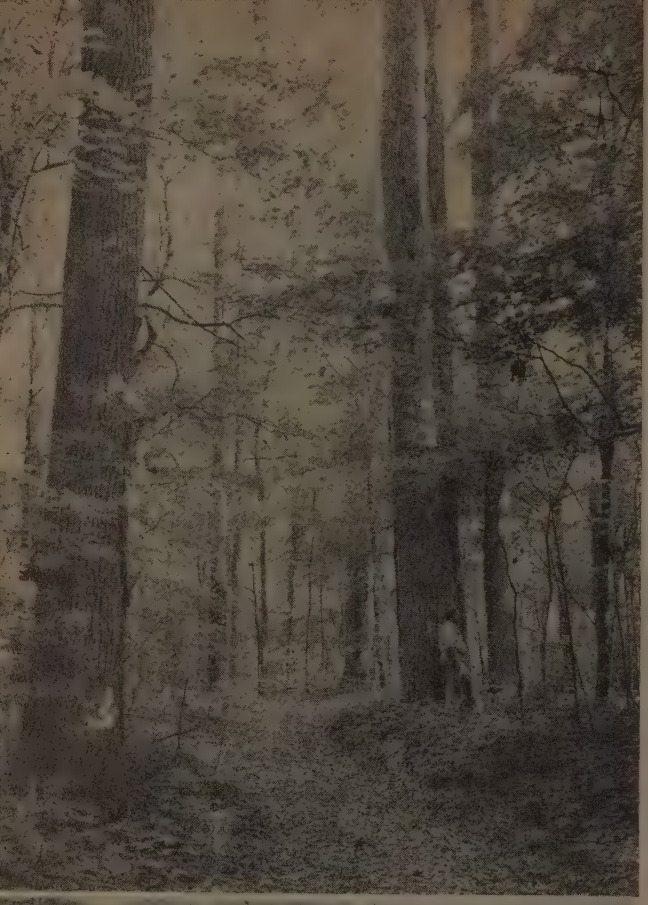
It is no coincidence that his last written words, dated the day before his death in 1899, reflected some of the sentiment he had learned from his five years in Southern Illinois. He wrote of the conviction of his life—freedom and right.

Old Swimming Hole

"The Old Swimming Hole," retreat of succeeding generations of boys from the dog days, is nowhere better typified than by our cover picture taken at Fish Trap Shoal on Big Muddy River, at the south edge of Murphysboro. The Gulf, Mobile and Ohio Railroad crosses the river at this shoal. Cars and pedestrians may use the Twentieth Street Bridge. The present road approximates the oldest road to lead south from the county seat, the Town Creek Road which was used first in the days before bridges, when the shoal served as a fording place of Big Muddy River.

Setting a fish trap was one of the short cuts the pioneers learned from the Indians. One of the simplest was a basketlike affair woven from reeds or willows, with one end funnel shaped and containing a hole small in comparison to the circumference of the entire trap. Fish swam in, and rarely found their way out. Then there was the rough dam and spillway, with a fence of poles surrounding the lower end. When the river fell, fish coming downriver were caught in the trap until the fisherman found it convenient to take them. This shoal on Big Muddy was so good a place to set a fish trap that the name was a natural one, probably inherited from the Indians.

Fish trap, ford, wagon bridge, railroad bridge, automobile bridge, mean little to the boys who splash across the flat rocks of the shoal and dive into the muddy waters of the deep hole alongside.



Playtime in Egypt

With the job ahead of us for this year we cannot afford to prove the truth of the old adage "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Illinois, along with her forty-seven sister states, is all out for the war effort. We feel it will be found when the war is ended and the facts can be released that Illinois has carried much more than one forty-eighth of the load. We are proud of this. We want that condition to continue. Therefore we must arrange for some sort of vacations for those men and women who are working to the utmost in the war effort. And who is not? Whatever our work, in whatever field of endeavor, it furthers the war effort either directly or indirectly. With the restrictions on rail and bus travel, with gasoline rationing, with the rubber shortage, Egypt should this year come into her own as the choice recreational spot for Illinoisans.

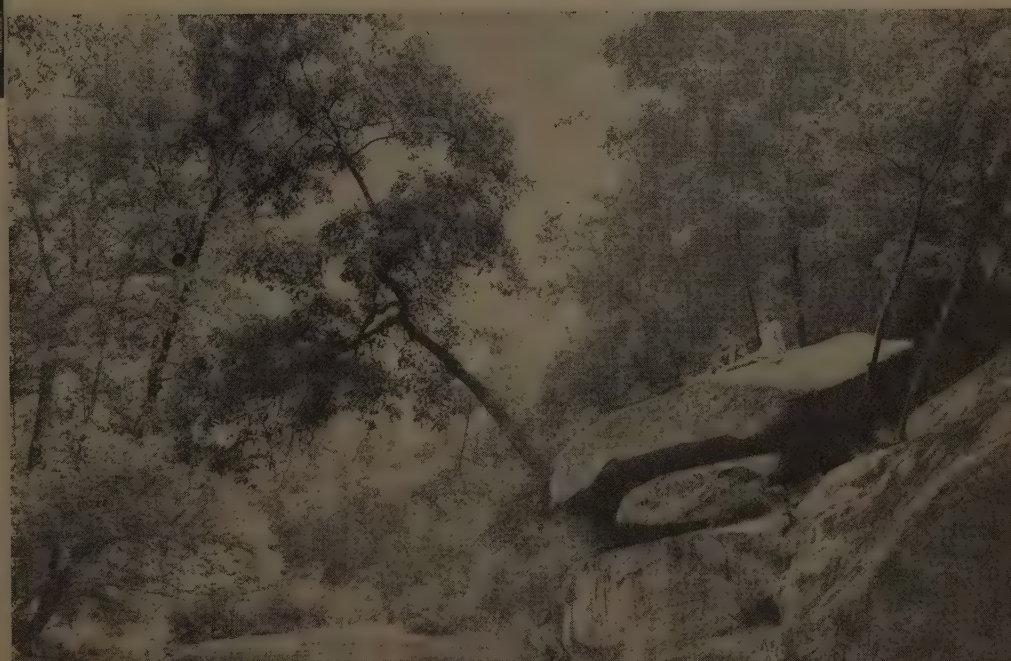
Beauty spots abound in Egypt. The visitor can find the type of outdoor relaxation he desires. If he wants quiet and solitude there are many ideal spots. If he wants to fish there is no better place than in the lakes and streams of Egypt. Bathing, camping, boating, exploring, tramping, are open to him. If he be interested in archeology and history he will find much to investigate. Beautiful landscapes, magnificent sunsets, gleaming rivers and lakes may be enjoyed just short distances from progressive cities and towns where are offered modern accommodations and current amusements.

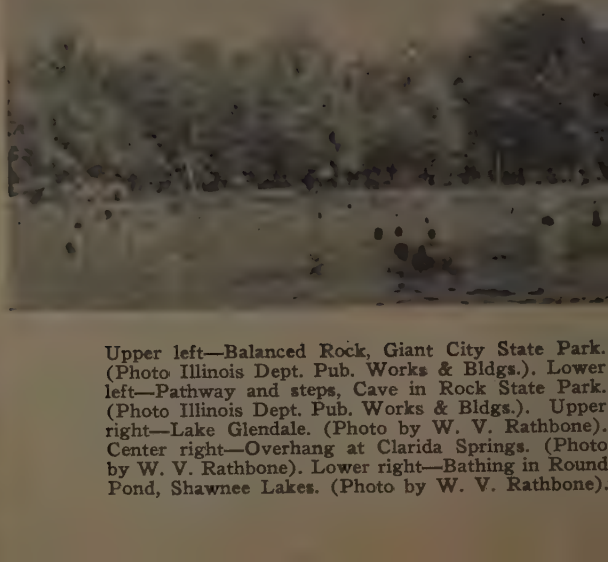
Egypt is so situated one can do his vacationing in several shifts over week ends and thus not hamper his production efforts. With this idea in mind EGYPTIAN KEY offers some pictorial suggestions for recreational outings. All places pictured can be located easily on the map of Egypt in the first issue of EGYPTIAN KEY.

Upper left—Virgin stand of tulip poplar and white oak on Sensmeyer tract, south of Jonesboro. Stand estimated to exceed 20,000 board feet per acre. (Photo U. S. Forest Service, Shawnee National Forest). Lower left—Rock formations, Bell Smith Springs. (Photo by Dr. N. A. Hermann, Harrisburg). Upper right—On the beach at Crab Orchard Lake. (Photo by C. Cliff Grindle, Carbondale). Lower right — Interior of Cave in Rock. (Photo Illinois Dept. Pub. Wks. & Bldgs.).

Here and There in Egypt

Upper left—Cabin in the Hills. (Photo by Dean Hill, Harrisburg). Upper center—Chalk Cliffs below Pine Hills Skyline Drive. (Photo by Harry Wilson, Jr., Murphysboro). Upper right—Above the morning mists on Williams Hill. (Photo by Dean Hill, Harrisburg). Center left—Rock formations, Dixon Springs. (Egyptian Key photo). Center—View from shelter house, top McGee Hill in the Pine Hills. (Photo U. S. Forest Service, Shawnee National Forest). Lower left—Little Wabash River, Carmi, Highway Bridge, State 1, in background. (Photo Illinois Dept. Pub. Wks. & Bldgs.). Lower center—Stone steps leading to ravine through which flows Bay Creek at Bell Smith Springs. (Photo by W. V. Rathbone). Lower right—Bay Creek, Bell Smith Springs. (Photo U. S. Forest Service, Shawnee National Forest).





Upper left—Balanced Rock, Giant City State Park. (Photo Illinois Dept. Pub. Works & Bldgs.). Lower left—Pathway and steps, Cave in Rock State Park. (Photo Illinois Dept. Pub. Works & Bldgs.). Upper right—Lake Glendale. (Photo by W. V. Rathbone). Center right—Overhang at Clarida Springs. (Photo by W. V. Rathbone). Lower right—Bathing in Round Pond, Shawnee Lakes. (Photo by W. V. Rathbone).

Upper left—Stepping Stones across Bay Creek on road to the natural bridge, Bell Smith Springs. (Photo by W. V. Rathbone). Lower left—Fly casting in Bay Creek, Bell Smith Springs. (Photo U. S. Forest Service, Shawnee National Forest). Upper right—Looking south on U S 51 at Patterson Hill, between Carbondale and Cobden. (Egyptian Key Photo). Center right—Number Two Mine Lake, Zeigler. (Photo by Louis J. Labash, Zeigler). Lower right—Sally Hollow. (Photo by Dean Hill, Harrisburg).

Photo New York Central System

Loaded oil train on the right waits for a clear track. Train of "empties" on passing track at Middle Yards, New York Central Railroad, Mount Carmel.

Big Inch Junction

By WILL GRIFFITH

A quiet Egyptian town becomes the focal point of the greatest oil plumbing job of all time.

A MAD left-handed paper hanger brought prosperity to the little Egyptian town of Norris City, Illinois.

A mad, left-handed paper hanger with a misplaced eyebrow stuck between his nose and his upper lip became afflicted with egomania and growing pains.

Murder, arson, and sudden death soon followed. Pledges were broken, swords unsheathed, and peace loving men began to kill.

This mad outgrowth of World War I, in time, caused our own country to become involved in World War II. The paper hanger's submarines began to attack our shipping off our eastern coast. For many months the U-boats led in that frightful, dreadful battle. Ships sailed from ports never to reach their destinations. Cargoes and crews went to Davy Jones' locker. No other proof was needed that "war is hell."

One result of this devastating attack by the mad paper hanger's submarines was a severe oil shortage on the eastern seaboard. Practically all the oil used in the east comes from west of the Appalachian Mountains, the major part from Oklahoma and Texas. This oil had been carried by tankers from ports on the Gulf of Mexico around the tip of Florida and up the seacoast to supply New England, New York, New Jersey, and the other states of the eastern section. The slow, cumbersome boats were easy prey for the submarines. Previous to our entry in the war a great number of our tankers had been turned over to Great Britain. When our armed forces took their places in various parts of the globe tankers were necessary to carry fuel to them. In addition to our shortage of tankers the United States did not have sufficient strength to protect properly our Atlantic shipping after the debacle of Pearl Harbor. Something had to be done and done fast.

That is the point at which Egypt came into the picture. The idea of Big Inch was born. Necessary legislative and executive measures were taken; aerial surveys made; maps drawn; contracts awarded for materials and construction work. A pipeline was to be rushed from Longview, Texas, to Norris City, Illinois. Through this gigantic tube oil was to be pumped. A tank car could make the round trip journey by rail from Norris City to New York in about one-fourth the time it would take it from Texas to the East. Thereby a tremendous saving in tank cars, locomotives, and train crews could be effected. There was no time to build more tank cars, no time to lay railroad tracks, no time to construct more locomotives, no more men available for train crews. Consequently, every hour saved in the time it took these various components of the rail systems to get a tank car of oil to the East and return it empty was of incalculable value.

Why was Norris City chosen for the eastern terminus of the pipeline? Several factors entered into the decision. The pipeline must end on a major railroad or at least on a good connecting line. It must be reasonably near to a port on the Ohio River if it proved feasible to build a spur pipeline to the river to transship by boat and then rail. It must be so located that the pipeline would have the least number of large rivers to cross. It must be situated at some spot where land was ready and available alongside the railroad for the loading yards. Norris City seemed to answer the specifications.

Contracts were awarded nineteen different contractors. The multi-million dollar war emergency project was under way. It was a titanic effort. Forty-foot sections of steel pipe weighing two tons each had to be laid in a ditch three feet wide and four feet deep and then welded together. Rivers had to be crossed. Eleven pumping stations had to be built along the route to keep up the pressure so the viscid oil would not stagnate along the way.

Under the direction of Harold L. Ickes, Petroleum Co-Ordinator for War, the leading oil companies formed War Emergency Pipelines, Inc. to run the project. W. Alton Jones, head of Cities Service was chosen to run the corporation. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation furnished the funds needed through its subsidiary, the Defense Plant Corporation, which owns the pipeline.

Along the 531 miles of its route construction work was handled like on an automobile production line. Ditching machines and steam shovels at the head of the line dug out the earth. The lengths of pipe were swung down alongside the ditch by side booms on giant caterpillars. The insides of the pipe were polished by swabmen, the pipe lengths swung together by the hoisting machines, the joints welded together by the welders and the lengths laid on the floor of the ditch. Bulldozers, caterpillars, and other machines pushed the dirt back into the ditch and the ground crew leveled it. The production lines were about fifteen miles long. One crew laid 15,000 feet of pipe in one day, working throughout the daylight hours. It took six months to complete the line from Longview, Texas, to Norris City. Four thousand men were used in its construction. Nine rivers were crossed.

At Norris City oil is piped to the loading racks through fourteen-inch pipes. Deisel engines spot the tank cars to be filled beside the risers. It takes an hour to fill a car—the actual filling taking only thirty minutes and the other half hour consumed opening and closing the valves and dome. If you have wondered why a tank car has a wart or dome at the top in the center of the car it is there to protect the car from any possible

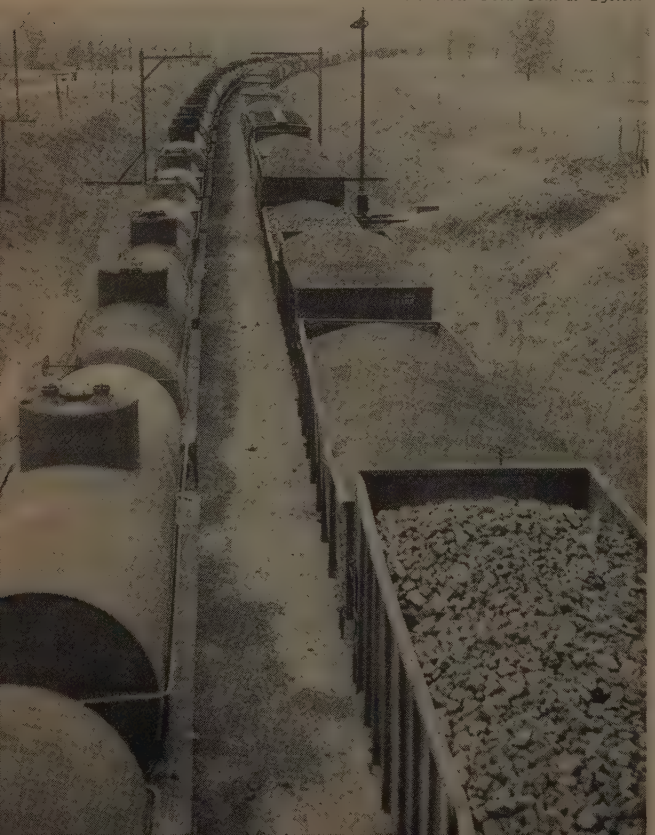
Photo New York Central System

Loading racks, Norris City

expansion of the contents. Cars are filled only up to the bottom of the dome. From Norris City 1200 tank cars loaded with oil are shipped daily. Ten thousand tank cars are in the pool operating out of the town. They have an average capacity of nine thousand gallons. A storage yard holds a sufficient supply of cars for six hours of loading. The trains average seventy-five cars. During a twenty-four hour period Norris City receives fifteen trains of eighty empty tank cars and dispatches sixteen trains of seventy-five loaded tank cars.

A solid coal train waits on siding while a train of empty tank cars heads south to Norris City on the single track between Norris City and Mount Carmel.

Photo New York Central System



Sixteen storage tanks capable of holding 80,000 barrels each will furnish a four day reservoir for loading purposes. North from the tank farm a new storage yard holds the empties arriving from the north. The loading racks extend south. Deisel engines are used to obviate the hazard that might arise from the use of steam locomotives around tank cars in the process of loading.

Not too much praise can be given the railroads in their handling of the oil trains in the present emergency. The New York Central Railroad, which has an exclusive on the Norris City business, has proven its efficiency through the careful and fast handling of this precious freight over its Cairo division. This single track coal road has become one of the most important stretches of railroad in the United States.

The Big Inch is being extended to the eastern seaboard. While this may upon completion curtail some of the activity at Norris City, the plant there will remain an important transfer and pumping station on the system. Unless present plans are changed it now appears that only a portion of the oil received at Norris City will be pumped east through the eastern section of the Big Inch, some of it continuing to be carried by rail.

Oil has brought prosperity to Norris City. Housing is quite a problem today. There are no unemployed. The population has had a noticeable increase. Salaries and wages paid are excellent with a resultant increase in the prosperity of the local merchants.

When it becomes necessary to clean the pipeline due to a desire to change the kind of oil to be sent through or due to silt and parrafin accumulations adhering to the inside of the tube, a "pig" or plug is sent through the line. This tricky device, three rubber discs twenty-four inches in diameter connected on a flexible shaft, is inserted in the line at Longview, Texas, and, with 750 pounds pressure to the square inch back of it, is forced through the pipe to Norris City.

As a result of the recent flood on the Arkansas River another engineering and construction feat was performed by the pipeliners. The rampaging flood waters broke a section of the pipe that lay on the bed of the river near Little Rock, Arkansas. In less than a week the line was tapped at one side of the break, a slightly smaller pipe plugged into the main line, carried over to the other side of the torrent and inserted again into the original pipeline. This temporary hook-up made under extreme stress saved the day until the flood abated sufficiently to permit repairs on the original line.

Over thirty-five-mile-long beats, line-riders patrol the line on the constant lookout for damage, leaks, or other items of maintanence. Some of these men travel on horseback and some walk their beats.

The line is called Big Inch because in the pipeline vernacular any pipe more than eight or ten inches in diameter is so designated. When completed Big Inch will cost about $40,000 a day to operate and maintain. It is claimed it will pay for itself in five years.

When the story of the war is written, a very specific chapter must be reserved for those gallant gangs of pipeliners who saved a situation in time of trouble. When the story of industry is written telling its part in the war effort, the epic story of the pipe line to Norris City and beyond must not be overlooked.

Photo by Bob and Bill Riseling, Murphysbor

Composite view of main section of Gorham.

When the Waters Came

A pictorial story of the floods of 1943 in Egypt.

Upper left—Main Street, Evansville, Illinois. Upper right—Last Missouri Pacific train leaving Chester during the flood period. Lower left—Front Street, Chester, at the foot of the big hill. Lower right—Fire pumper engine on flat car maintains service at water pumping station, Front Street, Chester. (All photos by Chester Herald-Tribune).

(All photos by Southeast Army Air Forces, Training Center, George Field, Ill

Upper—Aerial view of the flooded Wabash River, looking west from Vincennes, Indiana, showing U S Highway 50 west of the Wabash River bridge, covered by fifteen feet of water. Lower—Aerial view from Vincennes, Indiana, looking west into Illinois, showing the Lincoln Memorial Bridge spanning the Wabash River and the Lincoln Trail Monument at the Illinois approach, just out of reach of the flood waters. The George Rogers Clark Memorial, Vincennes, Indiana, in the foreground.

About the middle of May of the present year the waters began to rise in the streams and rivers of Egypt and the lands to the north. In a few days the most severe floods to be experienced by the Mississippi and Wabash river valleys in the history of our country were in full fling.

Coast guardsmen, soldiers, and state reserve militiamen were called out for rescue work, to guard abandoned property, to build sea walls higher and to strengthen dykes, and to assist in the other chores incident to such a time of stress. Needless to say they acquitted themselves magnificently.

On opposite page. Top left—Site of old mill, Rockwood. Top right—Looking west from Gorham. Second row left—Oil train on Missouri Pacific Railroad, looking south from Jacob. Second row right—Scenic View, Kinkaid Hill, west of Murphysboro on State 144. Third row left—Jeeps used in rescue work at Jacob. Third row right—Park G. Jarrett home, Cora. Bottom left—State Highway 144 just east of junction with State Highway 3. Bottom right—River boat and coast guard cutter off Front Street, Grand Tower. (All photos by Bob and Bill Riseling, Murphysboro).

Ziggy says: "Compared to ZEIGLER Coal, I'm just a youngster"

Coming from Franklin County's first mine, GENUINE ZEIGLER has been an outstanding coal for some forty years. In this time of "all out" effort, ZEIGLER steps up to assume added responsibilities, arising from new wartime demands.

BELL & ZOLLER COAL COMPANY

307 N. Michigan Ave.
CHICAGO

Boatmen's Bank Bldg.
ST. LOUIS

ILLINOIS LUMBER MANUFACTURING CO.

CAIRO, ILLINOIS

•

Manufacturers of

Prefabricated Houses — **Crates**
Wholesale Bldg. Materials — **Industrial Lumber**

FARM BUILDING SPECIALTIES

In the past
For over thirty years we faithfully and dependably served our customers.

☆

At present
All our production Guns are trained on the Axis.

☆

In the future
We will continue to serve our customers to the best of our ability.

SERVING YOU IS OUR AIM

Upper left—Negro troops building bulwarks of sand bags. Upper right—George Field, Illinois, covered by flood waters of the Wabash River. Bottom left—Air force member bails out. Lower right—The flood caused unusual actions in the animal world. A baby fox sought refuge on a high spot of ground and was captured easily by airmen. A crow, seeking a point of safety was seized by the soldiers. The copperhead was caught on screen of hospital where it had retreated for safety from the inundation. The water line is shown clearly at the bottom of the picture.

George Field, Illinois, is located just a few miles east of Lawrenceville. It is an air training center. (All photos by Southeast Army Air Forces, Training Center, George Field, Illinois).

Selling By Grunts

A most successful bond salesman tells the personal story of his career.

I WAS born on a farm near West Frankfort, Illinois, on May 16, 1942. My proud parents were Heit #433 and Parker's Sensation. One of a family of twelve, I was named Parker Neptune. Patty Boner, a sweet fifteen year old girl of West Frankfort, raised me and turned me over to the Victory Pig Club to be sold along with twenty-nine others.

A young man, Don Lingle, originally from Anna, Illinois, but just attached to the recruiting office of the United States Navy at Marion, Illinois, was present at the sale. More as a joke than as a practical idea, Don asked a friend to buy one of the pigs offered for sale and to give it to the navy office at Marion. As a result Sherman Boner and Cole Jones paid $314.60 for me and gave me to the navy with Lingle named as my guardian. My name was then changed to King Neptune. Although I hated to leave my brothers and sisters I soon found I was most fortunate in the choice of a guardian.

In a few days, Lingle conceived the idea of selling me for the benefit of War Bond Sales. The idea took hold slowly at first but soon gained momentum and in a short time was in high gear. A sale would be advertised and when the day arrived I would be sold at auction to the highest bidder who was allowed possession of me for one minute and then was required to turn me back to be resold again and again. In some instances I have been sold as a whole and again in pieces. In fact the hair on my back has been sold for the price of quite a few bonds.

Left—King Neptune (Photo courtesy Petty Officer Don Lingle, Marion). Right—Governor Dwight Green buys King Neptune for one million dollars in War Bonds at West Frankfort. From left to right: Governor Green; William Stratton, treasurer of Illinois; Petty Officer Don Lingle, Navy Recruiting Station, Marion; Francis Spence, secretary Chamber of Commerce, West Frankfort; and L. Oard Sitter, Anna, auctioneer. (Photo State Division of Reports and Information).

When I entered upon my career as a bond salesman I weighed 263 pounds. The life has agreed with me as today my weight is 365 pounds. Of Hereford stock, a strain somewhat new to most hog fanciers, my red and white markings along with my blue eyes give me the proper coloring for my life work. It seemed fitting that my first bond sale was held on December 7, 1942, the first anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

I am sure never before has one of my race attempted a career as a bond salesman, but let me go on record as stating it is the life. I constantly appear in public, broadcast over the radio, hobnob with the elite and the rich and the famous of our State, all the while getting the best of food and attention as well as yards of publicity in the newspapers. I have had a beautiful purple blanket made for me by two charming young ladies of West Frankfort and in public I wear my five pointed crown. I am hauled to and from the bond sales in a specially constructed truck furnished by the Future Farmers of America, which is painted in the colors of my country, red, white, and blue. At Carbondale at the time of the war bond sale there, I was made an honorary life member of the Rural Life Club of Southern Illinois Normal University and following a most successful sale of bonds at Freeport, Illinois, I was made a member in good standing for life in the Freeport Lodge No. 617 of the B. P. O. Elks.

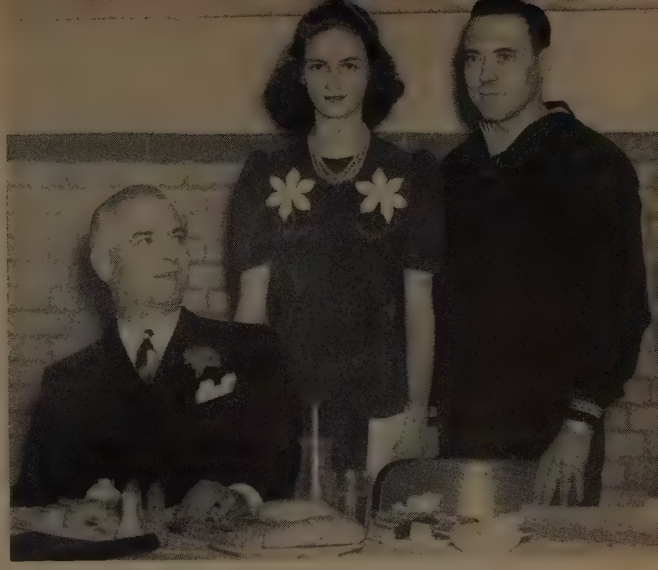
Perhaps the highlight of my career to date was the bond sale at West Frankfort where I was sold for a total of a million and a half dollars worth of bonds. Can you imagine the thrill I, a youth from the country, experienced when Governor Dwight Green bid one million dollars for me on behalf of the State of Illinois? Was I thrilled! And girls, is the Governor handsome! To think of me, King Neptune, consorting with such notables as I did that day. Besides the Governor, there were William Stratton, treasurer of Illinois; State Senator J. Will Howell; I. A. Palmer, assistant director of the Department of Public Works and Buildings, a son of West Frankfort; as well as many local celebrities.

In order to accomplish this great sale my guardian, Lingle, made a trip to Springfield to speak before the State Senate in order authorization might be granted the Governor to attend the sale and to bid one million dollars in bond purchases for me on behalf of the State of Illinois. This is the only time anyone has spoken before the Illinois Senate on behalf of a pig.

Although the sale at West Frankfort gave me my greatest thrill I was much moved at the sale at Karnak. That little town of less than nine hundred population held my auction at the same time it dedicated its memorial tablet to the boys of the community that are in the fighting forces of our nation. At its sale twenty-one thousand dollars worth of War Bonds were sold. That, certainly, is some record.

Most of my sales have been cried by Oard Sitter, that auctioneer of Anna, Illinois. If you ever have met Oard, as he is called by one and all, you will understand why it is a pleasure for me to oink into the microphone when he scratches my ear. I wouldn't think of becoming tempermental with him.

I have been sold at West Frankfort, Marion, Herrin, Eldorado, Carbondale, Metropolis, Harrisburg, Karnak, Edwardsville, Freeport, Vandalia, Salem, Pana, Springfield, Petersburg, and Macomb. The United States Treasury Department borrowed me for a month and took me on a tour upstate selling me for war stamps at various high schools.



Dwight Green, governor of Illinois; Patty Boner, who raised King Neptune; and Petty Officer Don Lingle at dinner following the War Bond Sale, West Frankfort. (Photo State Division of Reports and Information).

You would enjoy the scrap book my guardian has of my career. It would be more correct to say the three scrap books, for it takes three to hold the records, membership cards, news clippings, and correspondence I have received. From distant points have come requests for my presence. Atlanta, Georgia, made a most emphatic plea for me. To date I have restricted my territory to Illinois.

Don Lingle has seen his idea develop until today (I hope I will not seem too immodest) I rank as one of the top flight War Bond salesmen of the United States. I have sold approximately four million dollars in bonds and stamps and I am still young.

Hollywood boasts of the sales its movie stars have made, the radio personalities proudly proclaim their totals of bond sales but I believe you will agree that in my own sphere this little porker has equaled them all. Oink, oink!

How I love the life I am leading! I am bathed, brushed, manicured, and polished before each public appearance. My food is watched with great care, and my special car is constructed so I will not feel any of the rough spots of the road. I love the cheers and comments of the crowds, especially the fond looks and tender hands of the children.

When I was one year old I was the honor guest at a birthday party held for me at the Orpheum Theater, Marion, where two birthday cakes, each about three feet in diameter, were enjoyed by all my guests who filled the theater. The cakes were presented to me by the Marion Baking Company and the Lewis Brothers Bakery of Anna.

I realize that someday my career must end. I am most proud that one of my race and family has been able to do something for the war effort. I hope my work will be appreciated and that I will be retired (when the war is over) on a comfortable pension to live out my allotted years enjoying the freedom of my country which in my humble way I have tried to help preserve.

ELY & WALKER

St. Louis

Manufacturers Distributors

Converters

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Factories at: Chester, Steelville, Flora, Mount Vernon, Anna, Evansville, Belleville, Olney, Illinois

Sheer Beauty

You'll love the delicate texture and marvel at the durability of Prim Hosiery—so luxurious, yet so economical.

Prim hosiery

PRIM ERA HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Chester, Ill.

C & H COACH LINE

Serves All Southern Illinois

Headquarters—Carbondale, Illinois

EARL THROGMORTON, *Pres. and General Manager*

Old Classic Courthouse

By KATHARINE Q. GRIFFITH

A ninety year old building where justice has been administered through the years.

Egyptian Key Pho

Appellate Courthouse, Mount Vernon

TWIN wrought iron stairways curving gracefully towards the entrance to the Appellate Courthouse at Mount Vernon, Illinois, add the embroidery to the otherwise severe lines of the brick structure. The courthouse, of Greek Revival type of architecture, built in the form of a Maltese Cross, stands at Fourteenth and Main Streets. When the United States made its Historic Buildings Survey, which had as its object the preservation of the plans and designs of the historic buildings of the country, the old courthouse at Mount Vernon was one of the Illinois structures included in this select group. A citation designating it as such is displayed proudly on the wall of the clerk's office on the second floor.

In 1848 Illinois had three grand divisions of the Supreme Court. The southern division met at Mount Vernon for its first term in December of that year. Samuel H. Treat was the chief justice and J. D. Caton and Lyman Trumbull were the associate justices. The general assembly in 1854 appropriated $6000 for the erection of a Supreme Court Building at Mount Vernon. The land on which to build it was given by Zadok Cramer with a reversion clause should the building be used for other than court purposes. An oak tree which stood in the grounds was cut and a forty-foot beam hewn from it for use in the building.

The general assembly created the appellate courts in 1877 and the seat of the Fourth District was designated as Mount Vernon. The Appellate Court was to use the same building as the Supreme Court and the jurisdictional limits coincided with those of the Southern Division of the Supreme Court.

Since the Supreme Court set-up was changed and the one court established at Springfield, the building at Mount Vernon has been used exclusively by the Appellate Court, Fourth District of Illinois. The general assembly made an appropriation in 1874 for the remodeling of the building. At that time the north and south wings were added and it became to all practical purposes as it is today. A modern fireproof vault and a garage have been erected immediately west of the original building but placed in such a manner as not to detract from the original beauty of design.

The lover of the less ornate in architecture will see in the building a prized jewel. It has simple classic lines; two fluted pillars with Ionic capitals support the front gable, in the center of which is a medallion of the scales of justice. The enthusiast over old iron work will revel in the symmetrical twin stairways on the outside of the east wall of the building. Unfortunately, some years in the past, a misguided sense of rehabilitation caused all the original furnishings to be sold and the building to be equipped with modern fittings throughout. The visitor will find in the interior, rooms with extremely high ceilings, arched openings in the inner walls, plaster designs on walls and ceilings, and wide woodwork. In these surroundings he will find modern desks, chairs, judges bench, and bookstacks. As he stands in one of the library rooms and has explained to him that originally the room was heated by huge fireplaces, one in each end of the room, he will think of the herculean task of carrying wood or coal to feed the two enormous mouths.

On the ground floor are three bedrooms with private baths for the use of the justices when in Mount Vernon. Also on this floor is the apartment of the clerk of the court.

The second floor has the courtroom, the clerk's office, and the library. The shelves of the library contain 13,564 volumes, all pertaining to law. The inventory value of these books is carried at $56,000 but that figure does not represent the true worth as many of the books are priceless. On the shelves of this very fine library are almost fifty volumes of law reports printed in England in the 1600's, bearing such names as Hutton, Jenkins, and others. The oldest book bears the publication date of 1656.

Under the present system of court procedure in Illinois there are three terms each year of the Appellate

Detail of twin iron stairways.

Egyptian Key Photo

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Court, Fourth District; it convenes on the fourth Tuesday of February, May, and October. Oral arguments are heard on pending cases, consuming on the average four days. Decisions are rendered on the cases heard at the previous term of court and then the judges leave for their respective circuit courts, where they consider and write their opinions on the cases just argued before the Appellate Court.

The presiding justice is John T. Culbertson, Jr., of Delavan; the associate justices are Lawrence E. Stone, of Springfield; and George E. Bristow, of Paris. Mrs. Manie H. Mallett is the clerk of the court.

The years this building housed the Southern Division of the Supreme Court were the formative years of jurisprudence in Illinois. Among the judges who interpreted the laws in these important years were Samuel H. Treat, Lyman Trumbull, J. D. Caton, Sidney Breese, John H. Mulkey, Walter B. Scates, John Schofield, T. Lyle Dickey, and David J. Baker.

The walls of the old building have witnessed the legal acts and heard the arguments of most of the noted lawyers and judges of Illinois.

For years the myth has persisted that Mount Vernon "chose the Supreme Court instead of the University and picked the wrong one." The facts are: The first Normal School in Illinois was established at Normal in 1857, the second at Carbondale in 1874, and the University of Illinois in 1867. The enabling act for the erection of the first courthouse for the Southern Division of the Illinois Supreme Court at Mount Vernon was passed by the general assembly in 1848.

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First Memorial Day

By BARBARA BURR HUBBS

The story of the first Memorial Day from which grew our national holiday.

"THE proudest act of my life," John A. Logan always called his G.A.R. Order establishing Decoration Day. Thereby he acted the true representative of Southern Illinois, for no patriotic day is dearer to the hearts of Egyptians. Thereby he made national the service a simple country town offered its soldier dead in the first springtime of peace after the Civil War.

It was in Carbondale on the last Sunday of April 1866, that John A. Logan first shared memorial services with his neighbors and fellow soldiers, gathered to honor the dead and comfort the bereaved. The next spring he saw Confederate flags and flowers adorn some sections of that vast necropolis at Gettysburg. In 1868 Mrs. Logan described to him a similar sight at Petersburg, Virginia. But his heart must have taken him back to the state of his birth when he penned the instructions to his comrades of the Grand Army.

The thought of that first memorial service to the dead of the Union armies blossomed in the hearts of two veterans of the Eighty-first Illinois Infantry Regiment. They watched the widow of one of their comrades place her tribute of flowers and flag on a grave in the Crab Orchard Churchyard, southwest of Carbondale. The minister and people of that country church heard the soldiers tell of her simple tribute, and were fired with the desire to remember other graves. One soldier spoke of his captain, dead of wounds suffered at Shiloh and buried in the nearby town. That grave and others in Woodlawn Cemetery should be honored at the same time as those in their own churchyard. A day was set.

The people of Carbondale heard of the plan and wished to join in the tribute. The ministers were interested. Leading citizens offered the flowers from their gardens. Young girls made wreaths and bouquets. John A. Logan, who was living in Carbondale and trying to re-establish his law practice, agreed to speak. Mer-

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General Orders Number 11

I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, hamlet, and churchyard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will, in their own way, arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united together to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the Nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of the free and undivided Republic.

If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts grow cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well, as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

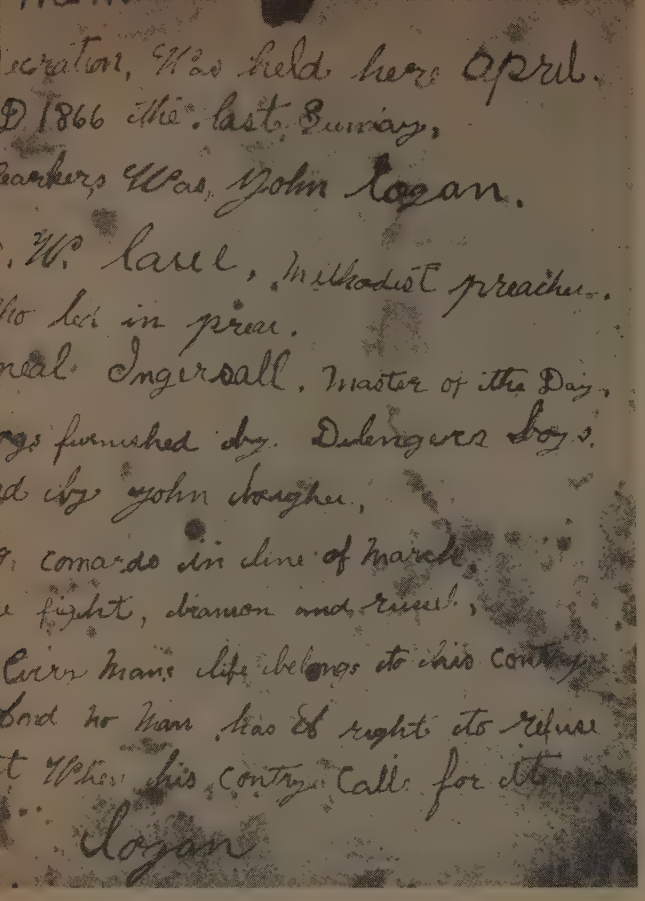
Let us, then at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a Nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander in Chief to inaugurate this observance, with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By order of John A. Logan, Commander in Chief.

N. P. Chapman, Adjutant General.


ecration, Was held here Aprl.
D 1866 the last Sunday,
Barbers Was John Logan.
W. Lane, Methodist preacher.
ho led in prear.
neal Ingersall, Master of the Day,
gs furnished by Dulengers boys.
d by John Borgher,
Comarde in line of March,
fight, Shanon and Rivel,
Every mans life belongs to his Country
Lord no Man has a right to refuse
t When his Contry Calls for it
Logan

chants and housewives arranged to feed the neighbors who would drive in from the country.

The day came. Men in blue marched again through the dusty streets of the little town. Captain E. J. Ingersoll, late of the Seventy-third Illinois Regiment, rode at the head of 219 comrades. General Logan, who had led many of these men into battle, rode beside the marshal of the day.

Flour barrels and plank flooring had been used to build a stand in Woodlawn Cemetery. The ministers mounted this platform, the people stood in groups under the great trees. The marching veterans were at ease, and the Rev. J. W. Lane of the Carbondale Methodist Church voiced the prayer that was in every heart.

Then Logan spoke. Only a sentence from that speech was recorded, but it tells the whole story of patriotism: "Every man's life belongs to his country, and no man has a right to refuse it when his country calls for it."

The sexton of the cemetery was James Green, own cousin to General Logan. On a blank page of his Bible he made the sole record we have of that last Sunday in April, 1866.

There also are notes on the food Carbondale citizens offered their guests. "Hogs furnished by Dillinger boys, bread by John Borger," for the barbecue to which all were welcomed in another grove on the west side of the town.

All the friendly reminiscence in which old soldiers indulge turned the day into one of jollity and good fellowship. But the men who had answered the final mustering out had been remembered.

* * *

Egypt was first to remember.

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Keys for Fighters

In a letter from J. Ward Barnes, printed in The Open Door, the suggestion is made that a copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY should be in every recreation center of our armed forces in continental United States. We have received several other letters from our fighting boys expressing their interest in the EGYPTIAN KEY because it represents to them—home.

To carry out the suggestion will require several hundred dollars. If the citizens of Egypt desire to have the EGYPTIAN KEY sent to the various training camps, stations, and fields, we will be proud to be the instrument through which our fighting boys can from time to time get a glimpse of home.

It is not possible for a new publication to furnish these subscriptions without charge, much as we would like to do so. The sum of one dollar will furnish one recreation center with six issues of the EGYPTIAN KEY. If you are interested in assisting in this worthy cause send your dollar to us stating it is for a subscription to the Keys for Fighters Fund. With each issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY we will publish a list of the camps which are being supplied through the fund.

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EGYPTORIALS

Thank You

It would be unnatural if we did not feel a sense of pride in the most cordial reception accorded the initial issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY. We cannot say thank you to everyone personally but to all of you we say it now.

EGYPTIAN KEY is your magazine. Tell us what you like. Tell us what you do not like. We have spent our lives taking criticism. We can take more. Constructive suggestions are helpful. Do we print too many pictures? Do we carry too much historical material? What do you, our readers, want?

Under present day conditions, it is impossible to plan very many days ahead. It has seemed best to switch slightly the publication times for the EGYPTIAN KEY. This, the second issue, bears a date line of July-August. The following numbers will appear every two months with all the regularity possible under the existing labor and transportation conditions.

EGYPTIAN KEY welcomes letters. Although we, naturally like to read those with praise and those that say "enclosed find," we appreciate the fact that all our correspondence cannot be alike. Send 'em along.

Make Education Work

One of the worst results of any war, a result far reaching in its effect, is the breakdown of our school systems. Male teachers are called to service, the older boys enter the armed forces, money is spent for the war effort causing higher taxation, and as a result, the money usually expended for education is curtailed in an effort to keep taxes down to a reasonable level. There is no way of dodging the issue. No let-down must be permitted. If taxes rise to an unbearable point curtailment must be made in some of the other phases of government. The schools must be preserved.

While we are keeping our educational boat in safe waters we should use the time to overhaul it somewhat. Ask any employer today his opinion of the youth of the land. He will tell you the boys and girls are fine upstanding young citizens. If pressed, he will tell you of their lack of knowledge to enable them to fill positions satisfactorily. He will mean a lack of ability to spell, a paucity of everyday knowledge. He will inform you that many "ologies" are of little if any service in the ordinary business walks. He will not decry this knowledge. He will only regret the lack of stress upon the fundamentals.

With the introduction of odd prices in business, occasioned more by the sales tax than any other cause, it has become necessary for one large chain drug store to install adding machines for their cashiers to use. The sum of twenty-seven cents and forty-eight cents is too much for mental arithmetic!

We will not dispute the claim that more letter heads than necessary, two to one, are used in business because of the inability of stenographers to spell ordinary words. We had the experience a short while back of being asked by a graduate, with honors in journalism from the University of Illinois, the query "What is the Smithsonian Institution?"

A memory is something to put in a museum in these days of the 1940's. Can it be that too much stress is placed upon the so-called higher forms of learning and not enough upon fundamentals? Can we find too much talk in our colleges of economic this and that, of world wide vision, of panaceas for the ailments of the entire world and not enough of the basic history of American life? It is into that life our students upon graduation will enter to try to earn a living.

Save the school system! Demand sanity in education!

Stop Flood Damage

Many of our fellow Egyptians in the flood areas have suffered losses. Our sympathy goes out to them. Thousands of acres of good farm land have been drowned and thereby taken out of production for this season. This at a time when the nation needs all it can produce.

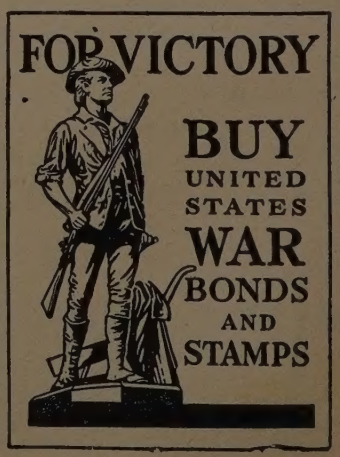
Every so often the rivers of this country have gone on a rampage. It is a custom rivers have. We all know it. Millions have been spent toward "flood control" but again and again the loss occurs. The conclusion cannot help but arrive that somewhere the point has been missed. There should be some way to protect ourselves from the rapacious waters or else authoritative sources should state emphatically that flood control is not possible. If that is the case then cease the expenditure of money. Warn all residents of the area that they remain at their own risk. Restrict these areas and abolish the ever present menace.

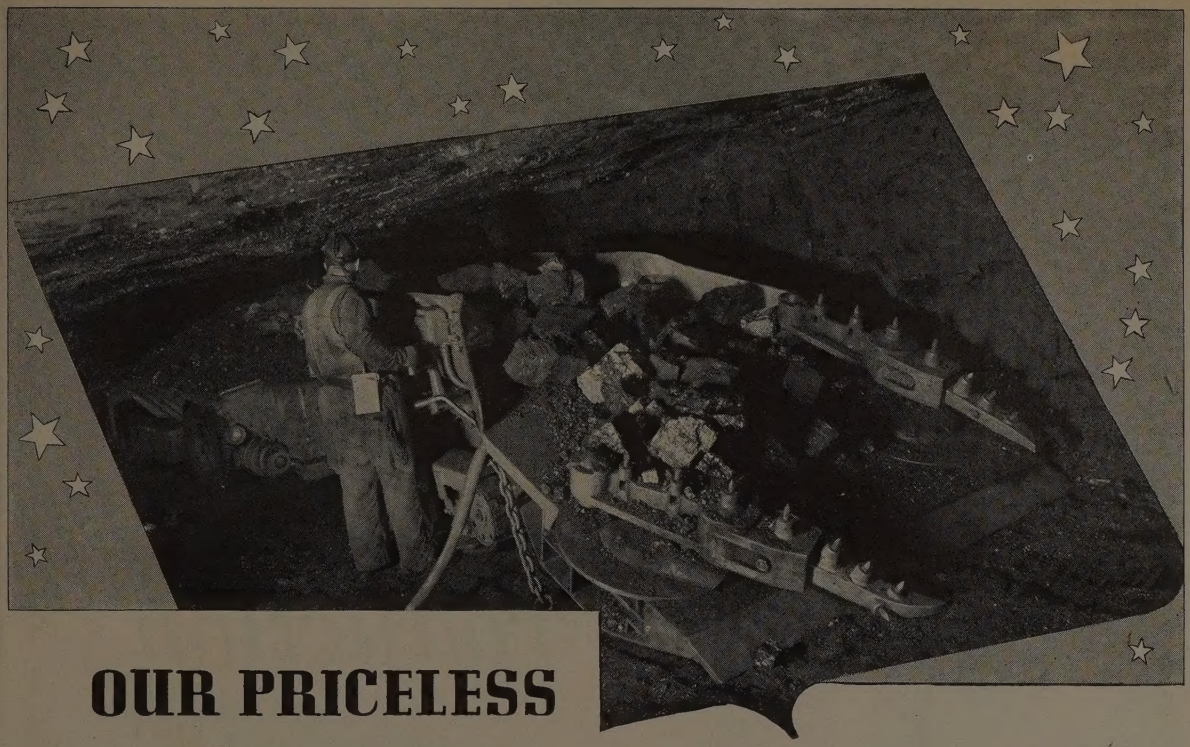
Man has conquered many things that would seem to be much harder to master than the flood threat. Why cannot our executives bring in the best minds in the engineering field, refrain from playing politics and once and for all solve the problem? There is a solution.

Telephone Needed

The summer recreation season is in full swing. Crab Orchard Lake is a favorite spot for bathing and other water sports. There always is a certain element of danger around any body of water. While all precautions possible are taken, some day an emergency will arise at Crab Orchard. Help will be wanted quickly. An ambulance will be needed in a hurry. A doctor found.

How will the emergency be met? There is no telephone service to the area. There should be. The telephone company claims it cannot give service. Why? The public good demands this protection. Let someone do something about this.





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